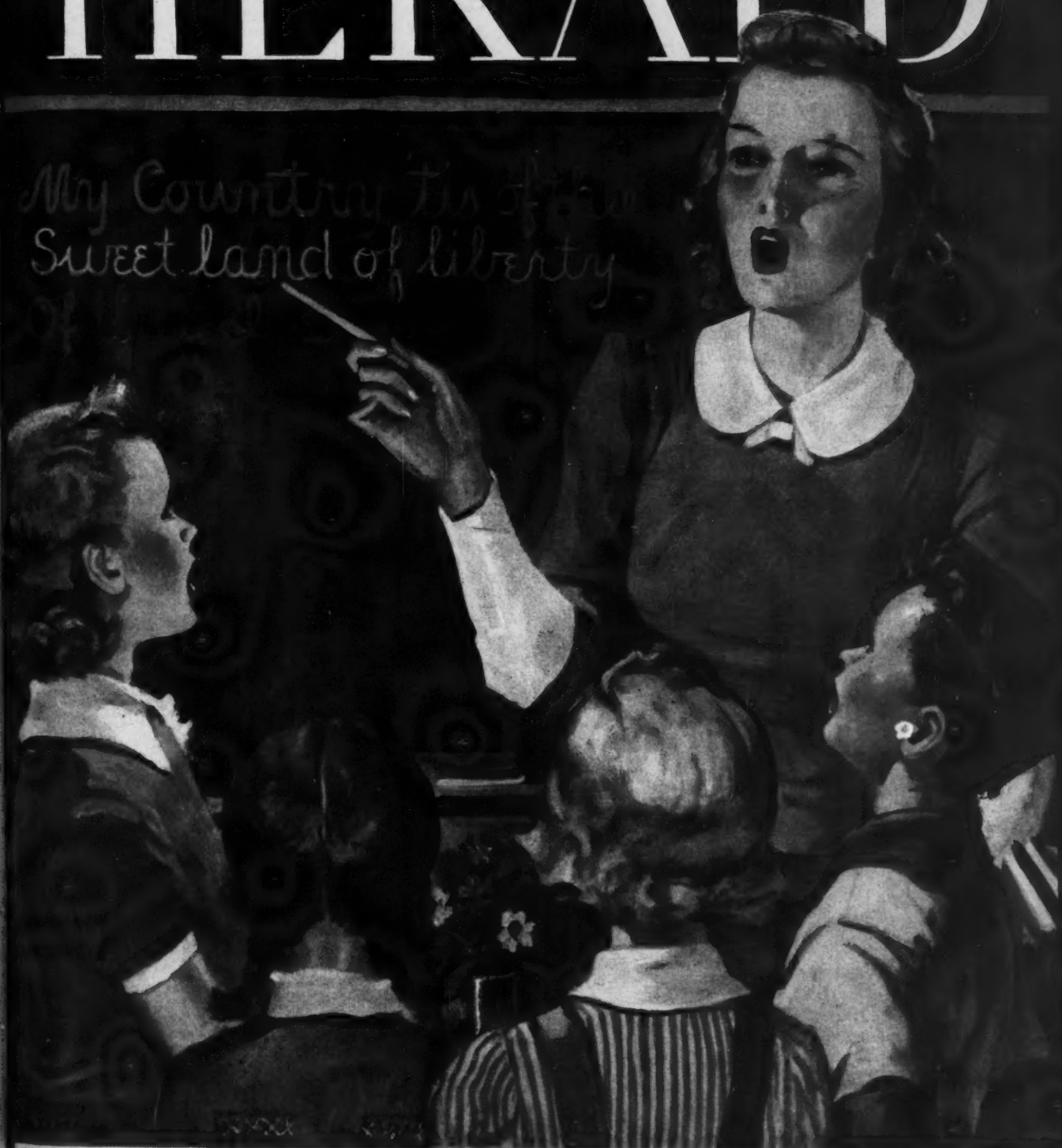


CHRISTIAN HERALD



SEPTEMBER 1941 ★ TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

WILL THE GERMAN PEOPLE REVOLT *By*

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LAST CALL FOR MONT LAWN VACATIONS!!



The children are ready . . .

they have been waiting all through the hot summer days for the word that would send them to Mont Lawn for two weeks of what must seem like heaven to them. One glimpse into their airless, sunless homes, one trip to the city's slums would tell you more than we can possibly put into words. *Your visit to the slums would end at Christian Herald's office with the plea that we do something for these children of poverty.*

Through no fault of their own they are the victims of ignorance, crime and financial distress. Life has been cruel to them. YOU can be kind. You can still give them two weeks of good food to strengthen their bodies against the strain of the coming months; you can give them lightness of heart and laughter that will be good to remember; you can give them spiritual

awakening: far too many of our little guests knew nothing of Christ until they came to Mont Lawn.

This is our last plea for vacations for this year and unless you answer it with your contribution many children are going to know a disappointment that would be hard for you to understand. They have counted the days since the summer began—hot days, breathless days for them.

Don't delay; by sending your contribution today a little boy or girl can be invited to spend two weeks in God's country. *And you will receive a postcard from the child direct from Mont Lawn: a postcard with a picture of the children at Mont Lawn or one of its beauty spots and a message of thanks from the child.*

\$5 pays for a week of all the good things Mont Lawn has to give a child of poverty. It pays carfare, replaces worn clothing and gives them all the food and fun they can digest. With a doctor and nurse on our staff their health is carefully watched and they return to the city strong enough to carry on for the coming days of scarcity.



**CHRISTIAN HERALD CHILDREN'S HOME,
419 Fourth Ave., New York**

Sept. '41

Dear Friends:

Don't keep them waiting—here's my bit toward making a child well and happy

Name

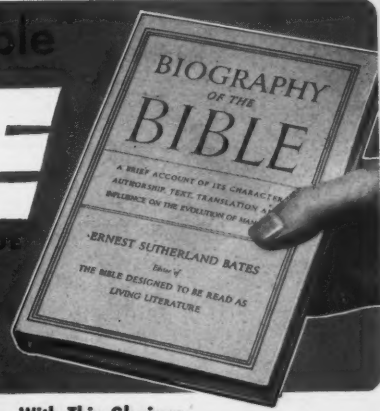
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AUTHORIZED
KING JAMES VERSION

The Citadel

By

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

 WE WHO live in great cities are constantly being taunted, if not reproached, for the existence we lead hemmed in by granite walls. Sometimes there is a note of pity in the rebukes so freely offered; and that old phrase too frequently comes to the lips of our critics, "New York is a wonderful place to visit, but I wouldn't live there."

We accept the comments, far from flattering, on our metropolis, or on the particular large city we chance to inhabit. Sometimes we smile wanly, but we seldom come forth with a rejoinder; for deep down in our hearts there is often a craving for lonely lanes and hedgerows, for little shingled dwellings standing on a hill, with a wide view of blue hills and green valleys. But Fate has tossed us into the tumult of a seething town, and there we must remain. One's daily bread must be earned, sometimes at a heavy price; one must be in the thick of the fight in an era of close competition; a telephone call, when we are within easy access of those who wish our services may change the course of our existence in a trice. Yes: we must be on tap, ready when the voice of opportunity summons us.

That we grow to love the very pavements we tread; the soaring towers that surround us and hem us in; the rush and roar forever around us; the sound of bells and horns—ah! that is something our bucolic friends may never understand. But such a love does grow and prosper; and for all its shame and glare and mercilessness, the city comes to be a symbol of strength—a monster, perhaps, but with a power like that the flame possesses for the wavering moth. "City I love—and hate!" we cry. But mostly we love.

Strange, is it not, how we urban folk find it hard to adjust ourselves to the silence of the country when, on occasions, we take our way there at the invitation of some critic. Yet it is not silence alone that greets us. The chatter of birds in the early morning startles our unaccustomed ears—so different from the low, rhythmical sound of a distant elevated road, or the tread of feet on pavements. The wind in the trees disturbs us, as the movement of no heavy truck could. The sharp, sudden barking of dogs is worse—to us—than the drone of a radio in the next street. When night really falls, and the stars come out, we lie sleepless in an alien bed, overawed by the enveloping quiet. Sometimes it takes us three or four nights to become conscious of the peace around us; to drink it in, that it may sustain us as it sustains our country friends. Then it is that the dream comes to us—the old wish that we, too, might dwell far from the loud-voiced city. And there follows, curiously enough, a sense of ingratitude for all that the city has given us during the course of our lives there. We are false to that iron goddess that has sheltered us. She has been a beloved companion all our days, and though we are aware of her shortcomings; though we deplore her moments of deceit, her brutal currents that sweep so many of her children to the rocks of despair, we keep a loyal love of her locked in our hearts.

Perhaps we love her most in absence. But is not that so of human love? Who does not long more for the adored one the instant separation becomes a stern fact? Then it is that we count the virtues, and forget the failings, of the beloved. No new face, however serene and beautiful, can compare to the vanished countenance.

It is the very changes, the elusive loveliness, and the sudden moods of the city that we cherish most. This goddess



We grow to love the very pavements we tread; the soaring towers that surround us and hem us in

is never the same. She charms us by her grace, and then confounds us by her anger and disdain. Hers is a terrible beauty, with her turrets and towers that strive to reach the stars. But on desolate windy nights she is a witch that rides the storm, an enemy of the shuddering poor. Yet on a spring afternoon, beneath the blue canopy of the sky, she can be a siren with whom we could abide forever. Her glittering façades are like so many jewels shining in the sun. She decks herself that she may lure us on and on. She knows her power.

(Continued on page 45)

Above and beyond "OUR DIREST NEED"



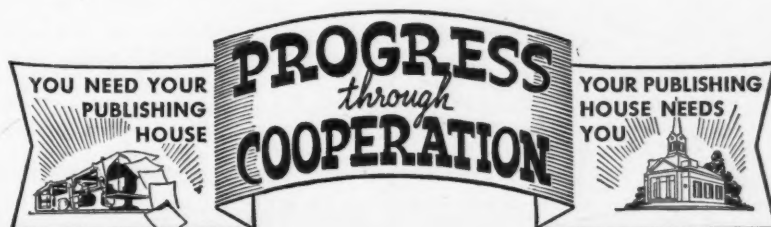
LIKE some sinister monster, whose foul, tentacled body has reached out to ensnare everything in its venomous grasp, War grips the nations of the world. This outrageous onslaught of hate emphasizes the tragic absence of love. If the hearts of men were filled with Christian love there would be no war, no fear for the future. . . .

The need for Christian teaching overshadows the "dire need" for guns and planes and ships! Spiritual rearmament is the real challenge that America and the world must face. It presents a mandate to the national organizations of the various churches to mobilize all their resources for one supreme effort—to extend His kingdom.

It also calls for the local church to accept its share of the responsibility.

The full cooperation of your church is essential. Use the periodicals and lesson materials of your official publishing house. Utilize to the utmost its specialized educational facilities. In this way you will bring specific benefits and emphasis to the teaching in your own church, and you will be helping to collaborate with the other churches in your group toward an organized program of spiritual rearmament.

This is a joint message from twenty-eight members of the Publishers Section of the International Council of Religious Education, for the purpose of promoting full cooperation between individual churches and their own publishing houses.



Action! If you will write to Publishers Section, P. O. Box 67, Chicago, Illinois, giving your name, address, national church affiliation, and office, you will be sent full details and prices of your own official publications.

SEPTEMBER, 1941

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OUR PLATFORM

Christian Herald, a family magazine for members of all denominations has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of Evangelical Christian Faith. To support World Peace: that it may be world-wide and lasting; Church Unity: that it may be increasingly a reality; Temperance: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make Christ like World.



DOCTOR POLING

Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Question:

Hitler has assumed his rightful role as the enemy of Communism. Circumstances forced him into a temporary alliance. Now what do you think?

Answer:

Exactly what I thought then. Academically as between Hitler and Stalin, there is nothing to choose. They are equally the enemies of democracy, of religion and liquidators of minorities. Equally they have nothing in common with American freedom. When thieves and murderers turn against each other, honest men may find opportunity for safety. While academically there is nothing to choose between Stalin and Hitler, actually Hitler, because of power and position, is immeasurably our greater foe.

Question:

Is it possible that though one contritely and fully repents and humbly asks forgiveness, he may not be forgiven? Must one always have the intense joy of forgiveness?

Answer:

Any person that does as described in this question, the Heavenly Father forgives. Whatever our feeling may be, He forgives. We may or may not have an exuberant reaction, but we must believe what He says. And if we do believe, we know that we are forgiven. That is final and absolute.

Question:

Isn't it most unfair for one person to do all the giving-in? I am expected always to ask to be forgiven when we have a family spat. I think it ought to be fifty-fifty.

Answer:

So do I. Certainly it should be fifty-fifty. The question really answers itself. No one should be expected to give in all the time. No one of us should be expected to do all the apologizing. It is

when husband and wife feel like apologizing to each other, and insisting upon doing it at the same time, perhaps, that we come out of our disagreements happily.

Question:

I have read somewhere that Great Britain has had special days of prayer and that the results have been significant. I am one who believes we should have a national Day of Prayer and that the President should call it. What is your information concerning this matter?

Answer:

Britain has had two national Days of Prayer. The first was Sunday, May 26, 1940, when the Expeditionary Force was fleeing under appalling conditions toward Dunkirk beach. Five days later that Army got safely home.

The second Day of Prayer was Sunday, March 23, 1941. Within the week came the change of government in Yugoslavia, the capture of Cheren and Harar and the Italian naval defeat in the Mediterranean.

One of the greatest American secular weeklies reported these events as "loose news."

Yes, I too, believe that we should have a national Day of Prayer.

Question:

In a recent debate in Congress a distinguished United States Senator referred to Canada as "a colony of Great Britain." Is this correct?

Answer:

It is not correct. The United States Senator knew that it was not correct. Canada is a Dominion, a free and sovereign state, entirely independent in choice and action. She resents, and rightly so, the misrepresentation of her status and the implication that her prodigious sacrifices now are not freely made.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

Do you see Little Mary Lou?

No, I see the Mother of Two Young Sons.

Do the Cares of her Family Weigh her Down?

Not at all—She is Light-Hearted and Gay.

Her Smile is always Bright and Sparkling... a Smile that owes much to her Lifelong Habit of Ipana and Massage.



Keep your smile sparkling... let Ipana and Massage help you to firmer gums as well as brighter teeth



Q. Why are dentists almost unanimous in urging the practice of regular gum massage?

A. Because modern gums need more work for healthy firmness. Today's soft, creamy foods rob gums of natural resistance and work—do not provide this needed exercise.

Q. If gums are neglected—what then?

A. Gums tend to become weak and sensitive. And firm, healthy gums are essential to sound, sparkling teeth. That is why "pink tooth brush" should never be ignored... it is a warning of sensitive gums!

Q. Is "pink tooth brush" serious?

A. "Pink tooth brush" may not mean serious trouble—but only your dentist can decide that. He may merely say your gums need more work and exercise. And he may

well suggest, as so many dentists these days are doing, the "healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Q. Why do dentists so frequently suggest Ipana and massage?

A. Because Ipana and massage is a great aid not only in helping you to have brighter teeth... but also firmer gums. Ipana does more than clean teeth brilliantly. With massage, it is specially designed to aid the gums to healthier firmness. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today—and every time you brush your teeth massage a little *extra* Ipana onto your gums. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a lovelier smile!

Ipana Tooth Paste



The Little Grey Church

Though you may journey from pole to pole,
In foreign countries roam,
Strange how a little grey village church
Can hold your heart at home!

Is it because you were christened there?
Or once, in childhood's day,
Sobbed in its shadows because you found
No words with which to pray?

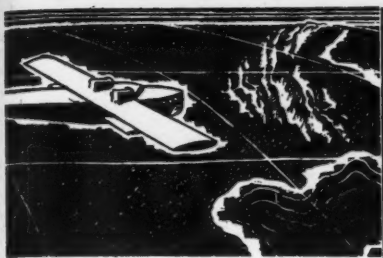
Is it because of a mother's grave
Beneath the ancient yew,
Or of a father who kneels alone
Within the family pew?

Clear, over thousands of miles of sea,
O'er cities' roar and strife,
Bells of some little grey village church
Will call you all your life!

What is their message, my friend, to you?
My bells peal forth to me
Comforting promises such as this:
"And there shall be no more sea."

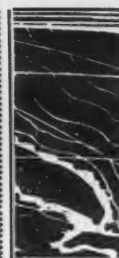
Beatrice Plumb

Old Parish Church
at Devon, England



NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

AT HOME

NO DISCHARGE: Three months ago a young draftee friend of ye editor's came home on furlough; asked if he thought he would be discharged from the army after his year of service, he said bluntly, "Not a chance." He was right. The President has backed him up in asking Congress to extend indefinitely the draftee's one-year term.

Able as ever in getting what he wants, the President felt his way carefully here. He sent in General Marshall, Chief of Staff of the Army, to feel out Congressional opposition. He expected opposition—and he was nonplussed when it didn't materialize. Even Senator Taft and super-isolationist Alf Landon shrank from fighting the move. So, his way wide open, the President went on the air *before* he dumped the problem smack in the lap of Congress, to tell the people that, the danger being "infinitely greater" than it was a year ago, we just *had* to keep those boys in camp.

Opposition has wilted fast; this thing has to be, especially since Japan has plunged into a new and more belligerent action in the Far East. It would be nonsense to turn loose a half-trained army and start half-training another. Time counts. Russia is giving us valuable time both to equip Britain and to equip ourselves.

There is light for men over 28; those over that age will probably soon be released; those not already drafted will be deferred. That's significant. This is a young man's war—and the young men will serve longer.

DREAMS: Before we leave the President, we want to report on the happier side. Mr. Roosevelt will probably be credited by historians with the realization of two fine dreams (and, forsooth, a lot more). One dream has to do with the work he has done for the victims of infantile paralysis, at Warm Springs; his birthday parties for their relief have become a national occasion. The other has to do with the building of an airport at Washington that is really an airport.

For years, descending pilots over the old field near the Potomac have set their "stick" and crossed their fingers and prayed hard that they would set down without a crackup; it was one of the trickiest if not one of the most dangerous fields in the country. The President hated it—and kept fighting for a new one. Now he's got it. Located at Gravelly Point, just three and one-half miles from 12th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, it covers an area of 750 acres—200 more than La Guardia Field in New York.

There are four runways to permit safe landings and take-offs regardless of the wind; they average a mile in length and two of them are 200 feet wide. There is an entertainment centre with a 525-foot promenade and a dining terrace seating 320 people, and parking facilities for 8,000 automobiles. The control tower is a dream all by itself: its walls are of glass that excludes the heat of the sun and retains inner heat; it is air-conditioned.

The President says the new field will pay for itself and even begin to return a small profit to the government within a few years. Appropriately, it is called The National Airport.

SPEED: American industry has worked miracles in the past, when the occasion demanded. It is working production miracles now. For instance, the rate of production in army materials, at the moment, is 18,000 military planes a year, 1,000 Garand rifles a week, 5,000 machine guns per month, sixty artillery guns a day. In tanks, 150 thirteen-tonners are being produced monthly. During the period from July 1 to July 10, keels were laid for forty-one naval vessels and twenty-two completed vessels went down the ways.

One authority estimated that already U.S. manufacturers are turning out as many tanks in one month as the highly-touted Germans are turning out in six! That will tell the story. If Britain can get tank superiority plus air superiority, this grisly business of war will end

sooner than we think. And let's remember this: a dictatorship looks good, thanks to the lies it lives on, until the last five minutes. It blows up when we least expect the explosion.

Only one further speed-up must be accomplished: those supplies must get through to Britain.

HOPKINS: In England, Harry Hopkins has been talking of American naval vessels plowing the waters of the Atlantic in parallel to the warships of the British fleet. He tells England that the world's lifeline must be secured.

There's enough mystery in that to make all Americans wonder just what is going on. We'll probably never know. Whatever is happening, two truths are self-evident. One is that we should have confidence enough in the government of these United States to trust it to take whatever steps are necessary; we lose more than the war when we lose that confidence. The other is that if those American ships are on patrol, it is a hard blow to the Germans, who probably know more about it, in their official circles, than we do among our masses. The fact that they have not been noisily opposed to it is indicative: they do not want war with America.

Not until this war is long over will we begin to get "the inside." Only within the past few years have we been learning what happened in 1914-1918. It has always been so.

SLANG: The last war produced a new vernacular. The soldiers talked of "Going West"; that was splendid. They spoke of the statue of Jeanne d'Arc in Paris as "Jenny Dark." That was funny. There is a lot of fun to be had in studying the slang of the selectees of 1941.

Canned milk is "armored cow." "Blind flying" is a blind date; "sugar report" is a letter from your girl. "Bubble dancing" is dish washing; "refugees" are newly arrived draftees. A "dit da artist" is a radio operator. And a "zombie" is a soldier who ranks low in army classification tests.

WEDDING: Still on the happier side—and who doesn't want to hear it, these days?—there was a wedding down in Texas this month to which 6,418,321 Texans were invited. They couldn't all go—this is the entire population of the state!—but it was a great gesture. It was made by Governor O'Daniel on behalf of his daughter Molly, who was married to Jack D. Wrather, Jr., a twenty-three-year-old oil man, in the Executive Mansion at Austin. Father



Chaplain Joseph O. Ensrud, of the War Department, at the special Army model of the Hammond Organ installed in the balcony of the new Arlington Cantonment Chapel, at Ft. Myer, Va., the first of the War Department's 555 chapels to be completed in troop centers throughout the nation

Lee O'Daniel is an adept at publicity. He won his election as Governor with the help of a hill-billy band and a theme song, "Pass The Biscuits, Pappy." It is his final gesture before leaving for Washington, where he becomes U.S. Senator.

This is the largest guest-list we've ever heard of. We envy Molly. There were only two present at our wedding, besides the minister, and the groom was so excited he forgot to give the best man the ring!

POTTER: Big bluff Right Honorable Josiah Clement Wedgwood is an M.P. and a maker of famous pottery and an old-fashioned Englishman who speaks first and thinks afterwards. He is thinking hard now; says he, "I'm afraid the British government will never permit me to return (to the U.S.A.)"

It all came out of an interview in Boston in which the Honorable Josiah declared to a reporter: "The trouble with you Americans is that you're afraid to assume responsibilities. . . . Why haven't you got a sensible Congress?" Immediately, the fat was in the fire. Too late, Wedgwood tried to explain that he meant no insult to Congress; but to newsmen he fumed, "I take none of it back." He evidently said something like that during the two-hour conference in the offices of the British

Information Service, for as we write he is preparing to sail, to return perhaps nevermore.

There is a lesson in it. This is no time to "blow off," for any of us. Too much is at stake. It is typically British—old style! It is *not* typically British, as of the hour. Both Briton and American know, or should know, that what we need now is more oil and less vinegar.

LITTLE FLOWER: Mayor La Guardia of New York wears a picturesque broad-brimmed Stetson. This week he threw it into the political ring when he announced that he would run for Mayor for the third time. That has occurred



A view of the interior of the new Arlington Cantonment Chapel, near the Arlington National Cemetery, Va. Lectern, pulpit and altar are movable so the chapel may be used for services of any denomination



A front view of the Chapel. The seats before it were for the benefit of visitors who attended the opening ceremonies on July 27.

only once before in New York; a third term here is as unusual as it was once in Washington. We predict that the Mayor, known to Manhattan as "The Little Flower," will be as successful as the No. 1 man in Washington.

He will have to beat District Attorney William O'Dwyer, lately become famous after the Dewey method in running down Murder, Incorporated. He is no pushover for La Guardia. His career has included labors as longshoreman, plasterer's helper and cop. He is popular, fearless, clean.

Yet Brooklyn cynics are saying that O'Dwyer, a dangerous man to Democratic boss Ed Flynn, is being either thrown to the lions or kicked upstairs

to get him out of the way! At any rate, New York will be in the hands of a great Mayor, whoever wins.

C.I.O.: Henry Ford once vowed by all that was high and holy that he'd never sign on the dotted line with C.I.O. He signed. Then Tom Girdler, big man of Republic Steel, vowed, "I'll go back to the farm and dig potatoes before I'll sign with the C.I.O." Last week, he signed.

This is not so much a surrender as an evidence of Mr. Girdler's determination to spur national defense. It spells the end of Republic's company unions, and gives C.I.O. a powerful voice.

C.I.O. is certainly gaining ground. One bothersome question holds us: will there be the same abuse of power in C.I.O. hands that we have seen develop in other hands? This is fact: once workers who have been on the short end of things get control, they in turn have often become intolerant. They may not become that while the war is on; it is after the war that we are worrying about.

CRIMINALS? The two Esposito brothers are in Sing Sing, awaiting electrocution for the brutal murder of a New York policeman. They are getting little sympathy from the public; their mad-dog behavior since their arrest and conviction have fallen on unsympathetic eyes and ears. "They deserve it," is the consensus of opinion.

Something happened in California this week that makes us think that sometimes we may say "They deserve it" too quickly. Out there, a woman is waiting for execution. Convicted of murder of her common-law husband, Juanita Spinelli has twice been scheduled to die, twice reprieved. The convict population of San Quentin is laying bets that she will die, and they don't like it. To the warden they sent a convict's committee, who handed to the warden a petition which read, in part:

"After establishing a worthy and universally commendable record, a 100-year record, of never executing a woman, the State should not break that record. If that is done the world at large would declare, in sad disillusionment, that deterioration and retrogression had entered the world's most golden State." To clinch it, they suggested that one of their own number should die in the murderers' place!

Chivalry is not dead, even among convicts. Nor is humanity, and the upward reach.

NEW RADIO SERIES: On Tuesdays in September Dr. Earl Frederick Adams will be heard over NBC's Blue Network from 1:30 to 1:45 p.m. His theme will be "Christian World Service Today," a discussion of the need of cooperation between denominations to meet the responsibilities imposed by a World Emergency.

ABROAD

ROAD TO MOSCOW: The eighth wonder of the world is being born on the road to Moscow: it is the unexpected resistance of the Russians. Not only have the Nazis failed to gain any signal victory whatever anywhere along the Stalin line, but as we go to press indications are that a Soviet counter-offensive is throwing the Germans back. That's a new one, for the up-to-now "unstoppable" Nazi horde. At last Hitler has met someone who isn't afraid.

The blitz is evidently broken, or at least delayed, and when we sit down to analyze it, there arise certain salient explanations for it. One is that the Russians are *fighting*. The world didn't expect that; even your reporter went out on a limb last month, calling them "the poorest soldiers in Europe." They have turned out to be good soldiers; what has made them poor soldiers, in the past, has been poor leadership and not want of courage. Surrounded time after time, pocketed, encircled, they have either fought their way out or taken a staggering toll of life from the Germans. That didn't happen in France or Belgium.

The Russians have been training for years to meet this. They went to school in Finland, learned a lot and didn't forget it. They have thrown their whole industrial, political and economic structure into the war. They have, numerically, the biggest army in Europe; by 1937 they had the world's largest air force. They invented the parachute trooper and the glider warrior. They have gone the limit in mechanizing their defense—a mechanized defense evidently quite as strong as Hitler's mechanized offense. Machines against machines, and back of the lines are peasants armed with pitchforks, women and old men manning lathes and drill presses and tractors! Russia is all-out.

We may be forced to revise our judgment that "only a small percentage of the Russians are in sympathy with the Soviet." Now we know that the whole nation is standing together. What that may mean to the post-war world, if the Russians actually throw the Germans back, we wouldn't want to guess.

Of course, it isn't over. That German strength isn't to be underestimated. Hitler may take Moscow. Napoleon took it—but as he stood in the courtyard of the Kremlin and watched the city burn, he realized that along the road to Moscow he had lost three-quarters of his "unconquerable" army.

BRITISH INVASION?: With the Germans bogged down around Smolensk, the "golden moment" has arrived for Britain. In London, demands for a British invasion of the French coast increase; beyond London, there are in-

creasing doubts that Britain is making the best of the golden moment.

It is easy enough for us, here in America, to cry, "Why doesn't Britain invade?" But it must look different from the chalk cliffs of Dover. Britain knows what Germany has in France. Invading the enemy's country would call for tremendous supplies of war material; for mountains of munitions, superior air power to protect invading infantry on the land, an airtight line of communications between England and America. England is sure of none of that. It is better to hesitate than to chance another Dunkirk.

Not only would they have to invade France, but probably also Norway and Italy as well. Italy! There, say the military men, is the Achilles heel of



DR. FRANCIS C. STIFLER, EDITORIAL SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY, WHO WILL USE THE FACILITIES OF THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING CO. TO DELIVER A MESSAGE EVERY THURSDAY DURING SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER. THE TIME WILL BE 1:30 P.M. AND DR. STIFLER'S GENERAL SUBJECT WILL BE "THE LIGHT SHINES IN THE DARKNESS"

Nazidom—and the British are shooting their arrows into it. Sicily has been bombed, and Italian ports raided, with increasing frequency. The Italians are weak; maybe your reporter will be on safer ground in calling *them*, at the moment, the poorest soldiers in Europe. If Britain could get in here, crash the back door into Austria and march down into Germany, the Nazis would be in a bad way.

We think the British invasion will come in Italy, if it comes anywhere; but at least for some months to come, we believe that the British strategy will be just what it is now. The RAF will go on blasting the industrial Ruhr and Rhineland, "singeing Hitler's whiskers" as Drake once singed the whiskers of the King of Spain. Britain is a bulldog; she sinks in her teeth and just hangs on.

TARGETS: The targets of the new RAF offensive are worth a note. While

the Germans spent their fury on London, the British have gone comparatively easy on Berlin. (Bombing civilians only arouses fury and a stouter resistance.) First they squeezed off Iraq's oil; then Russia tied up the supply from Batun and bombed Rumanian oil wells; now Italy, being called upon for more and more oil by the Nazis, decrees that private auto owners in Italy can have no gas at all! Knowing that, the RAF has gone after the oil dumps and reservoirs of the Reich and the conquered countries. That hurts!

Communications have become a ranking target. In five months the RAF has sunk 300,000 tons of German shipping—nearly forty per cent of German ship losses for the period. Rail centers and ports are being pounded mercilessly. Power plants and industry in general are being hit day and night; some German industrial areas formerly working 24-hour shifts are now heaps of ashes. Finally, with bigger and better planes beginning to arrive on schedule from America, the RAF flies in a wider and wider circle. Hurricanes and Spitfires in the last month have flown 2,000,000 plane miles in offensive sweeps, taken a larger and larger toll of German planes.

Only one thing can stop this: the Germans will have to bring back the best of their air force from Russia. Then what happens in Russia?

THE V: The letter V stands in French for "Victoire," in Flemish, for "Vreiheid," which means the same thing, and in Dutch for "Vrijheid," also the same thing. And among the French, Flemish and Dutch; this letter V is being chalked up, mysteriously, on walls, signboards, houses, and on the dusty fenders of German cars. Even the Norwegians are using it: they say it stands for "Ve vil vinne," which, being translated, means "We will win."

The British started it, and thereby hangs the tale of a new British method. Up to now it has been the Germans who have used this method of confusing the enemy; now the British, slow on the uptake but no fools at propaganda, have put a "Colonel Britton" on the air with broadcasts reaching deep into conquered countries. Says the Colonel to the conquered: "Let the V splash from one end of Europe to the other." He goes on the air to the tune of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony; he asks the conquered to use three short raps and one long rap (Morse code for V) when they knock on a door. He exhorts them to read Daniel V, which contains the words, "God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it."

The Germans, desperate, tried to stop it by adopting the V themselves, so nobody would know which was which and what was what when the letter appeared; they even flew a V-flag from the Eiffel Tower. The trick boomeranged; now it is the Nazis who are wondering who put

which V here, there, everywhere. They can't track down the V-men. In Paris alone they have arrested 6,200 "violators." It did no good whatever.

All of which proves what we have been saying in this column over and over again: it is one thing to whip a people, another to keep them whipped.

STORIES: Until the Germans took the road to Moscow, they had a monopoly on the art of spreading fantastic tales to confuse the enemy. But when they met the Russians they met another master of the art. So

Moscow started the rumor that Goering was in a concentration camp, that Hitler has suffered an epileptic attack, that Mussolini was about to ask peace terms of Britain. Then they circulated the report that a large number of Generals in the German High Command had been removed, that several ranking officers had committed suicide, that mighty Generals List, von Stulpnagel and von Falkenhorst were under close watch by the Gestapo. Probably none of it is true. Probably also the German masses are a bit in the dark as to whether it is true or not. They play a disarming game of "True or False" in Germany now, with nobody but the heaven-sent Leader to tell them, and he isn't telling them much.

By the way, what ever became of Rudolf Hess?

TOKYO: Since 1939, four Japanese Cabinets have fallen. The mess known as The China Incident has outwitted them all, and now the fifth is formed, made up of militarists and Fascists desperately anxious to finish off China and grab elsewhere while the grabbing is good. There isn't much time left to grab, and when the Japanese plain citizen sees what has happened to Russia, he wonders whether he is not committing national hara-kiri in holding his status as an ally of Hitler. Japan may be plucking plums for Hitler to eat when he has time.

The move into Indo-China was not unexpected; the American State Department saw it coming, and did *not* plan to go to war over it. Relations between Tokyo and Washington are more strained now than they have ever been, to be sure; we predicted months ago that we were nearer war with Japan than we were with Germany. But something tells us that there will be no Japanese-American fighting in the Pacific. (Yes, we've crossed our fingers.)

Japan has a subtle "poker" mind, not an overly-adventurous one. Her leaders bet only when they're sure they can't lose. They will move slowly in the Dutch East Indies, because an invasion there would certainly alienate economic help from other quarters that Japan will need badly after the war. Japan wants Siberia; she has wanted it for years. But an invasion of that country would call

for a large supporting naval force, and Russia has seventy submarines in Far Eastern waters, and an air force that will make Japan stop, look and listen. And whichever way she moves, there is that American Navy in Pearl Harbor and Manila, to say nothing of the enormously strengthened American army and air force in the Philippines and Hawaii, all of which lie squarely in her path.

No, we still think there will be no war here. If Japan can't whip the Chinese, who have no Navy at all, what could she do against the American "battle wagons" on guard in the Pacific? The new Cabinet will probably be the most belligerent of all, cutting loose from the policies of all previous Cabinets—but it will still be not *too* adventurous.

BOLIVIA: The current disclosures of Nazi activity in Bolivia did *not* shock



DR. BENSON Y. LANDIS, OF THE DEPARTMENT OF RESEARCH AND EDUCATION, FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES, WHO ALSO TAKES AN ACTIVE PART IN PROMOTING BETTER UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN JEWS AND CHRISTIANS

the American public, nor hardly make it pause. "We knew it all the time!" We've come to take Nazi activity in this hemisphere for granted. Few of us realize just how deep it goes.

The Bolivian putsch was probably engineered by one Major Elias Belmonte, Bolivia's Air Attache in Berlin. Belmonte is a fireeater, immensely impressed by what he has seen and heard in Germany. His putsch, if his it was, collapsed—but a grave danger still remains.

For a long time past, South American military officers and their families have been given free trips, involving long stays, to Germany and Italy. For a long time, the Germans have been sending astute teachers to Bolivia; a missionary from down there tells us that whenever a German school in Bolivia needs a teacher of military strategy, music or knitting, a cable is sent to Berlin—and

the teacher arrives on the next plane. American mission boards, shorter of funds, just can't do that. So the Germans have had the jump, up to now.

Another factor to be considered when we try to explain German sympathies in Latin America is that of the ruling rich class. That class goes in heavily for European culture; once their pile is made, they turn a cold shoulder on the culture of the New World United States, and trot off to Europe to spend their money. This habit is deep, and it will take years of a real Good Neighbor Policy to break it.

There are signs of its breaking, all over Latin America. Germany's chances to win the war are not so good as they were six months ago. If Germany goes down, down goes a great South American market. Even if Germany wins, Europe will be bankrupt—and the United States will afford the only big cash market for Latin coffee and rubber. The governments south of us are not comprised of fools; they know a market when they see one!

SPAIN GETS TOUGH: Generalissimo Francisco Franco is getting tough. He has sent men, or kept silent while men were sent from Spain to aid the German army. German soldiers are all over Spain, and a good-sized detachment of German tanks and tank troops are in the country, faced toward Gibraltar.

Franco has been sullenly still, so far as the United States was concerned, since his civil war ended. Last week he spoke out at the fifth anniversary of the beginning of that civil war, orating, he accused the U.S. of "putting obstacles" in the way of Spain by holding thousands of tons of wheat consigned to Spain in U.S. ports. Behind our face-tious offers of economic aid, he accuses, "are always the attempt at political mediation. . . . Nobody is more authorized than we to tell Americans that Europe has no ambitions over America."

Three days later the Nazis were caught red-handed in their attempt to bring off the putsch in Bolivia!

Why the Generalissimo should talk tough now is a mystery. It may be pressure from Berlin. It may be the crucial state of affairs within his own country.

We think it is fear. The most ferocious are always the most afraid.

CHURCH NEWS

INSTITUTE: There is a lighthouse for seamen on New York's South Street, known as The Seamen's Church Institute. Ask any seaman from any nation whatever what he thinks of the Institute and his reply is "O.K., matey, O.K.!"

We have before us the Institute's report for the first six months of 1941:

their biggest six months since their founding over half a century ago. 138,003 lodgings were supplied, 364,607 meals served, 1,243 jobs were found for unemployed seamen, nine crews from torpedoed ships were cared for, 1,621 medical and dental treatments were given, 6,939 deposits for seamen were placed in the banks. And Mrs. Roper, House Mother at the Institute and head of the Missing Seamen's Bureau, says she has located 6,180 missing sailors since 1918!

This is front-line Christianity: the world would be a better place to live in were there more of it.

CHURCH C.O.'s: There are something more than 1200 conscientious objectors now engaged in "work of national importance" under civilian direction in nineteen Civilian Public Service Camps, according to figures released by the National Service Board for Religious Objectors. Twelve hundred look like a drop in the war bucket, compared with the soldiers and sailors in the training camps, yet it is a tremendous drop compared with what we had at the corresponding period before we went to war in 1917.

Another report, coming from the National Service Board for Religious Objectors, tells us that out of 1830 C.O.'s representing 86 denominations or groupings, the Mennonites have 624, the Brethren have 225 and the Methodists 134. The Baptists are in eighth place with 48 and the Roman Catholics rank tenth, with 29.

The Fellowship of Reconciliation tells us that more than 2,000 Protestant ministers, from every State in the country, have signed a Minister's Peace Covenant, which reads: "As a Christian I see no possibility of reconciliation between the central teachings of Jesus and the necessary operations of war. As a loyal citizen, devoted to the cause of liberty and democracy, I am unalterably opposed to the present threatened belligerency of this country. Both as a citizen and a Christian, therefore, I must in loyalty to conscience affirm my pledge not to use my ministry to bless, sanction or support war." And 2,000 ministers cannot be ignored.

But, on the other hand, there is that recent poll of *Living Church*, which polled 3,000 Episcopal clergymen to find out whether or not they favored entering the war with Great Britain. Thirty-six per cent of them wanted to enter *immediately*; sixty-four per cent said "stay out," but seventy-nine per cent of the stay-outers favored intervention if and when the President and Congress thought it necessary to get in to prevent a German victory. So—our ministerial opinion is still about what it was in 1917: a minority group is made up of conscientious objectors who want none of it at all, there is a huge slice in the middle who do not want it but who would sanction it if they thought it absolutely necessary to go to war to

save what we have left of Christianity and democracy, and there is another minority group on the other end who want to go to war *now*.

In other words—divided!

CURE? F. Clair Ross of the Pennsylvania American Legion feels he has the cure for the C.O.'s. He suggests that "instead of placing conscientious objectors in various Civilian Conservation Corps, these men . . . be given "house-keeping" jobs at the same rate of pay they now receive. They could hardly refuse to accept the proposed civilian jobs."

We don't agree with the C.O., but we don't like this. Just what "house-keeping" jobs are, we're not sure; if it means making serving lackeys of religious C.O.'s, for the army to laugh at, we're opposed. Ridicule is a poor reformer when conscience is involved.

LYNCHINGS UP: Three lynchings are recorded by Tuskegee Institute for the first six months of 1941—one each for Georgia, Florida and North Carolina. All victims were Negroes; the figure compares with *none* for the first half of 1940 and five for the whole twelve months of 1940.

The last six months of '41 will tell the story; if no lynchings occur from July to December, then a new record is made. Tuskegee credits the drop across the years in lynchings to a source often overlooked: to the determined stand against the institution of lynch law taken by the churches of Dixie.

STICKABILITY: The churches of the sovereign state of Pennsylvania offer an A-1 object lesson to the nation's churches in their recent performance at the state capitol. After a six-and-one-half months' fight, the Legislature adjourned in Harrisburg *without* passing laws to establish additional Sunday sports, Sunday liquor sales, Sunday movies, horse racing and betting, dog racing and betting, and various lottery schemes. Actively lobbying against these bills and for religious causes were representatives of the Pennsylvania Council of Churches, the Lord's Day Alliance and the state Anti-Saloon League.

It took a lobby to beat a lobby. We suppose there are still folks who despise the idea of a church lobby. But there will be no weeping and wailing in Pennsylvania because "the forces of evil sneaked a bill across" at Harrisburg.

MOVIE PREACHERS: Dr. Norman Vincent Peale has been in Hollywood, playing the role of technical adviser in the filming of "*One Foot In Heaven*." He has some news in re preachers in the movies. To wit:

"In the past, motion pictures have not given a very favorable picture of American ministers, portraying them as 'fools, weak characters or in some other

unfavorable light.' This picture, however, presents them in a manner that is 'strong, rugged and true to life.' It will give 'a finer insight into the life of the typical Protestant minister with all the comedy and pathos of his life.' It is full of humor, and a great deal of 'real, simple life.' It is the first picture, incidentally, to be based on the life of a Protestant preacher."

TEMPERANCE

YOUTH, BOOZE: The F.B.I. moves slowly, carefully, even in compiling statistics. Just compiled and released are some interesting F.B.I. figures on youth and booze:

For the year ending December 31, 1939, some 576,920 offenders were arrested by state officers all over the Union; the Bureau of Investigation examined their fingerprint records and found that 108,857 of them, or 18.9 per cent, were youths under twenty-one; and 202,208 or 35 per cent, were under twenty-five.

Four per cent of those under twenty-one and fourteen per cent of those under twenty-five were arrested for intoxication. Of total arrests among women for the year, 11.4 per cent were arrested for intoxication.

These intoxication percentages, truth be told, are *not* so large as some of us have been thinking. But they are still too large; and the offenders are still too, too young.

MINNESOTA: The state of Minnesota isn't taking repeal "lying down"; they have a fighting Minnesota Temperance movement out there. Every year the Movement publishes a list of cafes and restaurants in the state that do *not* serve beer and hard liquor; it is available to anyone, free, from headquarters (204 Hodgson Building, Minneapolis).

Recently the Movement completed a poll to find out how the people of the state felt about beer and liquor advertising on the radio, in newspapers and on road signs. Farmers, doctors, merchants, business women, school teachers, lawyers and housewives were consulted, and 86 per cent of those polled favored *elimination of such advertising*.

Housewives registered the strongest protest, with 96 per cent saying "Out with it!" Farmers were second, with 90 per cent, and the most tolerant of all, the lawyers, were 78 per cent opposed!

On the basis of this vote, the Temperance Movement now enters on an extensive campaign against the booze advertisers. Post cards are being put in the hands of the public for mailing to newspapers and radio stations. That's what's known as clinching the nail. May it stay clinched, for good.

SEPT 1941

"THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME"

AMONG my most vivid memories are those associated with great religious services—great not necessarily because of their sanctuaries or physical appointments, but great by the test of the emotions they stirred and the abiding influences they started.

There is a village church in the Oregon country where I knelt at an altar of prayer, and another in the same valley where I preached my first sermon.

I remember City Temple in London, with the great white throne of the immortal Parker; and Christ Church in Westminster Bridge Road, beneath its Lincoln spire—both are rubble now beneath the bombs. I see again throngs of youth in Calvin's Cathedral, Geneva, and the mighty Church of the Reformation in Budapest. I hear the great organs in Oslo and Stockholm, and the choirs of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. I march with the battalions to a Fourth of July service in Notre Dame, Paris, and again across the threshold of the missionary church in India where a great youth movement was born.

There is one service and one sanctuary, that among those there is not space to mention here, remains forever first: a Communion service in the Dome, the exquisitely beautiful cathedral of Protestant Germany. It was the first of its kind. None comparable to it, none like it, ever before was held. On the second Sunday of July, 1930, climaxing a World's Convention of Youth, which was the first international gathering of any character held in Berlin following the War, the Christian youth of more than forty countries communed together. Difficulties that at first seemed insurmountable had been overcome. President Paul Von Hindenburg had interceded to bring the memorable event to reality; and on that never-to-be-forgotten mid-afternoon, directed by clergy of the State Church, who were assisted by their brethren of many faiths, from many lands, more than three thousand Christian young people, and their friends ate the Bread and drank the Wine of His remembrance.

At the last, the multitude, even as they had united in the Supper, united in the Lord's Prayer. As the setting sun shone through the great windows and beyond the Screen, which was the gift of a British king,

a golden glory broke over the Communion table as phrase by phrase, each in his own tongue, youth prayed the prayer that Jesus gave first to His disciples.

That service, in its setting, with its worshipers, within the State Cathedral of Germany, that united Communion service of Christian youth, transcends in memory all others for solemnity, for prophecy and power. Shall we come ever again to another such occasion? There is no voice in the world to answer that question. But God has the answer. And when the tumult and the shouting dies, when the captains, the kings, and the dictators have all departed, God will be speaking still!

Yes, and He is speaking now. I believe that He has spoken in this call of the churches to a universal Communion Sunday on October 5, 1941. In Him there is no East, and no West; in Him are centered all points of the compass, and there is one vast fellowship of love. If we shall remember Jesus Christ together, if in all countries and across all continents we shall gather at our altars, we may forget the rage about us and lose ourselves in the love of Christ. That love is the greatest thing in the world, mightiest conqueror of time, and the only sufficient Saviour.

This Communion will be no perfunctory observance. It will be elemental, sublime, and as practical as the offerings we bring to assist the suffering and relieve the need of our less fortunate brothers in all the earth.

La Guardia of New York

IMET him first at a liquor hearing in Washington long before the repeal of Prohibition. He was not a Prohibitionist. He did not agree with what I had to say. He challenged my testimony. But that day we became friends. I liked him. I have no reason to believe that he disliked me. He was a gentleman always, and undoubtedly he was sincere.

Previously I had known of his career as a young politician. I had not been prejudiced in his favor. For ten years now, I have followed his course with growing admiration. His two terms as mayor of New York City have epic proportions. As of his office, by all the tests, he is a great mayor. His friends may wish that he had a less prompt and heated temper, and a good many would prefer him in a smaller hat. Nor does his most ardent admirer endow him with perfection. But it is something for any city to have in its highest executive office absolute integrity, distinguished executive ability, a political acumen that we have generally associated with venal bosses and their interests, and that these qualities should be warmed always by humanitarian impulses.

A distinguished New York journal remarks that Mayor La Guardia has restored "both the financial and moral credit of this metropolis."

It is unthinkable that the greatest city in the world, in the present world crisis, would consider seriously retiring from leadership this man, incomparably the first figure of his time in his place. There are other cities—to begin with, several of America's first ten—which may well covet administrations patterned after the present administration in New York.



Daniel A. Poling

EDITOR - IN - CHIEF



Will the German people REVOLT?


Pictures from Acme and Wide World

The pictures above show air raid damage in Germany, and the mass Nazi salute—both influencing the thinking of the German people today, according to this article

By

ERNEST S. PISKO



 EVERY speech made in the United States on European problems will unavoidably bring about the question: "Don't you think that Germany will crumble from within? That a revolt of the better element within the Third Reich will finish Nazism?" Whenever I had the opportunity of talking to an American audience, this question was among the first to be put before me in the discussion.

My answer always was, and still is: NO! No, if one thinks that a revolution will not only forego an Allied victory but even make it unnecessary.

The hope for revolution discloses two facts in regard to those who wait for it. First, the prevalence of wishful thinking;

second, the lack of sufficient knowledge as to what has been going on in Germany during the last eight years.

The European countries were protected through mutual treaties against any possible aggression. Some of those treaties—like the one with Czechoslovakia in 1925, with Poland in 1933 and 1938, with Austria in 1936, and the Four Power Agreement in Munich, 1939—were signed by Germany. The Czechs, the Poles, the Austrians, and the Dutch, Belgians, French and English—all of

them were informed constantly of what was happening inside Germany under Nazi regime. They learned about the thorough militarization of a nation which was bellicose by character and tradition; they had ample occasion to notice how the idea of *right* and the faithful adherence to voluntarily negotiated treaties were done away with and replaced by a new conception of moral values. By no means whatsoever could that new conception be made to coincide with the old conception of liberty, right and decency. Nevertheless, the European countries clung to their belief that at least some of the treaties would be worth more than the paper on which they were written.

One may call this attitude foolish. But

that does not explain anything. Unless we are satisfied with the explanation that a spiritual epidemic deprived all European statesmen of their common sense, we have to ask ourselves what caused that unjustified and, as we know today, unjustifiable attitude?

Although the European democracies and ex-democracies, like Austria and Poland, were in many respects far from being "Model States," their spiritual and social life was framed by an essentially democratic law upon which the vast majority agreed. This law was interwoven with all their institutions; it regulated public as well as private life. Mussolini, Hitler, and their followers, however, stood outside that framework. To them the conceptions with which the other people worked had no meaning. They ridiculed and despised them. They had decided to do away with them. And here originated the fatal error of the Non-Totalitarian states. Neither their leaders nor their inhabitants realized that fundamental difference in character. They were unable to detach their thinking from their moral views. And they were unable to imagine that the "other fellow" could accomplish such a detachment. They misunderstood their antagonists not by lack of information but by lack of imagination. They were unable to look through the Totalitarian mind.

That became particularly obvious to me whenever I had to deal with Chancellor Schuschnigg. I had known him personally since 1929, when he was deputy to our "Nationalrat" (National Assembly) and I was assistant manager of the publishing house which had published Schuschnigg's commentary on the Austrian constitution. From that time until 1938, I saw him at more or less regular intervals, first in the lobby of the Parliament, later on in the Ministry of Justice and the Ministry of Education, and finally in the Chancellery. Our talks, which I enjoyed immensely, always happened to take a turn away from the practical purpose of my visit into the cultural or political field. It was in these conversations that I saw the usually austere man smile. He had the most captivating smile one can imagine, the smile of a nice and utterly frank boy. Either he was unaware of the charm of his smile, or—what I think more probable—he would suppress this charm intentionally on his appearances before the public. He rather liked to seem cold and unapproachable. And he never suspected how demagogic others were able to be.

After the German-Austrian agreement in the summer of 1936, I made a remark to the Chancellor by which I cautiously expressed the doubts of some persons in the sincerity of Germany's promise not to interfere with the internal affairs of Austria.

"These people are absolutely wrong," the Chancellor told me then. "They don't realize what a signed agreement means. A signature is an obligation. The German



An emergency air raid shelter within one of the factory buildings in a German industrial city



Photos © Acme

According to the German caption, this picture represents the "work of British Murder Fliers, who drop their bombs on residences and hospitals, like this bombed residence in Bremen"

Chancellor has taken that obligation upon him, and the whole world knows about it. He did it voluntarily. No one could have forced him to sign the treaty."

It never occurred to Schuschnigg that sometimes an agreement may be signed by one partner with the express objective of making the other partner feel safe. The same inability to look through the mind of a genuine Nazi prevented our Chancellor from recognizing the traitors who worked next to him: Seiss-Inquart,

Guido Schmidt, et al. That was a noble deficiency but a regrettable one.

Yet I would not be satisfied with that explanation. Honorable as it is, it seems insufficient to fully explain the strange stubbornness through which the democracies refused to take action in time. There must have been more behind that inactivity than the mere belief in treaties and good faith. It seems utterly unimaginable that a mentally normal person would see a notorious gangster pre-

pare to break into the house, and do nothing about it. Not even lock the door properly. And, yet, this happened. Why?

The reports on Germany and Italy were full of dreary forebodings. But among the observations and suspicions which proved the true aims of the Totalitarians there were a few facts which confirmed the notion that, in spite of the most rigid internal regime, there were still some counter-forces at work. These were so weak and scattered, however, that they could barely manage to keep alive. Compared with the all-embracing flame of Totalitarianism, these counter-forces were something like a box of

man we sat together—some Czech friends and I—and talked over past and coming events. The manner in which our visitor gave us all pertinent information about conditions in Germany and criticized his government proved beyond doubt that he was still an unswerving democrat.

After having gone through all the questions of the gloomy hour, our friend was finally asked how it could be explained that the German people tolerated its Nazi leaders. If, as he stated, there were really millions of pious Catholics and Protestants, strict Socialists, and devoted Democrats in Germany, everything that the Nazis proclaimed

others was based on an upheaval of German anti-Nazis exclusively. There was the famous "economic factor" too. The best economists outside the Third Reich proved in an irrefutable manner that Hitler's economic system was bound to collapse. They were not so very precise as to the date. It might even come tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow, or in a few weeks, or maybe in a year—but, no worry, come it would.

We would read the most sagacious articles. For instance, about clothing. First, we were told that the Germans lacked the foreign currency they needed for importing cotton and wool. Soon the Germans would not have enough to cover their nakedness. Incidentally, stout Hermann Goering, barely dressed, be-



© Acme

Members of a great audience giving the Nazi salute to Hitler as he opens his 1940 relief campaign

matches. Try to walk through a pitch-dark, stormy night with nothing more to light your way than a box of matches. Even a child would scoff at such an idea. Yet, inside the democracies no one scoffed. Not at that suggestion. They took it seriously; thus, in their imagination, the box of matches grew beyond all measure. It was being changed into an inexhaustible stock of flares.

I had many opportunities for getting a very close look at those "flares." The most stirring and illuminating meeting of that kind took place in the late summer of 1938, a few weeks before the Munich Conference. I lived in Prague at that time, and it was there that I met a friend from Berlin who had come on a short visit to Czechoslovakia.

This man represented exactly that type of German which used to enjoy the esteem and sympathy of the whole civilized world. Even in his appearance he corresponded to the traditional image of a sincere and poised worker for progress and democracy. He was tall and broadshouldered, his dense brown hair framed a noble forehead, his blue eyes were vivid without haste and scrutinizing without reservations. His voice was a pleasantly modulated baritone. With this

and performed was bound to be like so many insults to them. How was it possible to bear five years of constant insult without doing anything about it?

My friend looked at the man who had asked that question. He looked at the others and at me, and in all our faces he could clearly read the same thought: "It's either cowardice or consent."

And then something terrible happened. All of a sudden our friend collapsed. His head dropped, tears poured from his eyes, his lips trembled, he raised his hands like one begging for one's life, and in a raucous voice he cried: "It's our guilt! It's our greatest guilt! We ought to have acted long ago . . . we can't do anything today . . . it's too late now, we are crippled. Oh, you cannot imagine what we are going through, knowing ourselves guilty."

This was the revolutionary army on which the leaders of European democracy had based their hopes! A handful of men whose spiritual resistance was undermined by belated remorse. Soldiers without arms, party members without a party organization, believers who had betrayed their creed.

But it would be unjust to say that the hope of the English, the French, and



THE AUTHOR

Ernest S. Pisko. Born in Vienna, Austria. Joined the army straight from school, in 1915, and fought as officer on the Russian and Italian front. Publisher until 1935, then appointed editor-in-chief of Austria's biggest democratic newspaper combine. Was among the first to be arrested, when the Germans marched into Austria, in March 1938. He was kept in prison for three months and released under condition that he would leave his home country within four weeks. He stayed in Czechoslovakia during the days of "Munich" and went from there, in December 1938, to England. He arrived in the United States by the beginning of last Spring



came a favorite of the cartoonists. Then, when the Germans expanded their production of artificial fibers, to make up for the lack of cotton and wool, we were told that those fibers were no good. The clothes would dissolve during the first rainfall. Funny, wasn't it? Again the cartoonists indulged in drastic sketches. When the artificial fibers were greatly improved by use of fish-albumen, we learned that this would cause such a serious food (Continued on page 42)



By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

EVERY summer America's feet get to "dancing to a far-off tambourine" and America takes to the road again, takes to the road in her broken-down, second-hand flivvers, in her Packards, Cadillacs, and Lincolns and on her motorcycles in an interesting caravan that stretches from coast to coast in one unbroken, moving procession. It reaches from Boston Light to "the end of the trail" at Land's End, from the St. Lawrence River to the Gulf of Mexico.

It is a great adventuring parade of humanity. It might be called "the big parade." It is romance to follow these caravans of the canyons, these valiant voyagers, these wistful and weary Willies of the slab ways, these automobile adventurers, these transcontinental Columbuses, these midsummer Marco Polos, these migrating Magellans.

It is an education to loaf with them around the log fires of tourist camps, to help a passing stranger change tires, to talk with the women, to kiss the babies, eat their food, and listen to the gossip. It is to know America better to have these experiences.

The first thing that America develops when it takes to the road each summer is a sense of humor. The staid, serious-minded business man develops a most unusual and surprising spirit of fun. You would not know him for the same man you see bustling about your city in midwinter. He throws off his dignity like a winter coat and is the loudest laugher in the tourist camp. If you who know him back in the office could see him when he takes the road each summer you could not believe that he is the same person. When America takes to the road each summer it develops a home-made humor. Its fun does not have to come out of a funny paper, so-called. You cannot drive along our American highways across the continent any summer with this Continental Caravan of Unconventional Columbuses and not get a laugh a day to drive the doctor away. There is a sense of fun and camaraderie among these wistful wanderers of America, and it is most wholesome and refreshing.

One day while on one of these pilgrimages we were stuck in the "gumbo" of western Kansas. ("Gumbo" is a particular and peculiar breed of mud, which develops into a sticky mass just after a rain, a mass which weighs a ton to a single human foot,

AMERICA takes to the Road

and which will stick to an automobile tire like a mountain of taffy.) It is absolutely necessary to develop a sense of humor to handle an automobile in Kansas "gumbo!"

In spite of optimistic reports about paved roads all the way across certain sections of the United States, a trained tourist knows that, in the words of a popular writer, it really runs about like this, "Paved Road All the Way—Maybe!"

I was adjusting a set of new chains. I was covered with mud. I had to lie flat on my stomach to do so. The mud was three inches deep, and it was the kind of mud that "Sticketh closer than a brother" to clothes. My pockets were full of it, and I could feel a fair-sized lump of it oozing down my back. It was in my ears and eyes and mouth. I could feel it gritting between my teeth when I talked, and there was enough grit in what I had in my mouth alone to sharpen a carving knife on. I was not in what could be called an amiable frame of mind.

Then two boys drove up. Seeing my predicament they stopped, piled out of their car, which had a New York State license on it, helped me to adjust my chains, and then sat down on my running board for a chat. They said they were college chaps from Columbia, and were on their way to California.

"We don't care when we get there, and we don't care much what happens on the way so that something does happen. We have twenty-five dozen eggs. We fry 'em! We boil 'em! We scramble 'em! We have eggs morning, noon, and night!"

"Mostly scrambled!" said one of them with a grin, "especially when we have rough roads."

They showed me their egg container. It was a box strapped to the rear of their old broken-down Ford. The eggs were packed in sawdust. They had their little joke about scrambled eggs, but the truth of the matter was that they had driven from Boston to New York City, to Niagara Falls, to Chicago, up on a thousand mile detour through Wisconsin, down through Kansas City and across the continent headed for

Denver and California. They had started out with twenty-five dozen eggs which the father, a Vermont farmer, had put up for them. Up to that time they had not spent five dollars on what they called "store meals" since they started.

"We buy fresh milk and a little bacon from the farmers and eat bacon, eggs, milk and fruit. If eggs and milk are good for the 'T. B.'s,' they're good enough to keep us in health and happiness!"

They certainly looked both healthy and happy.

"Why did you stop to help us?" I asked them.

"Oh, it's because you had dirt behind the ears! That's the high sign of the road. We always stop and talk with anybody who has dirt behind the ears! That means that they're regular tourists, that they belong to the Brotherhood of American Summer Travelers."

One tourist that we met carried a goat on the running board. One of the funniest sights along the road is the sight of a tourist machine loaded down with everything from a piano to a refrigerator. But this goat in a little pen on the running board "about got my goat," as the young flapper of our party put it.

I asked the driver why he carried the zoo, and he said: "We have been drinking goat milk for a long time. Theda May had to have it, and we all got to drinking it. So we brought our own milk along. We know it's fresh! We take the goat off the running board every time we stop and let her graze."

The second thing that America develops when it takes to the road each summer is the spirit of comradeship.

This is almost as good for us as developing our home-made humor. We are aloof from each other when we are at home. We do not speak, we are afraid to smile; but not so on the road. Everybody hails the other car as it passes, and when a stop is made for lunch or night at the tourist camps or along the way, everybody gets acquainted with the other fellow. It is like an old-time town meeting. Through our tourist life we are getting back some of the old neighborliness and friendliness.

There are no class distinctions when America takes to the



road each summer. Men of wealth and men of poverty mix together on the highways and talk politics, religion, European war conditions, crops, the relative merits of tires and cars; the condition of the roads before and behind; presidential elections; the future of roads in America; and the beauties of the hills and American wonderlands. They even get to arguing and debating about the respective merits of their different States.

There is no more friendly, neighborly, comradely place in America than the average tourist camp in the summer time

when America picks up its family, leaves its troubles behind, and takes to the road again.

The third thing that America develops when it takes to the road each summer is the pioneer spirit.

I know a dainty woman with a family of three children, none of whom have ever done any physical labor. They like to camp along the road each summer—cook, put up a tent, and build



fires, mend their own tires and generally become pioneers.

They tell of nights of storm when the wind blows their tents down; they tell of thunder and lightning and flood. They tell of foraging for food, of trapping for small game, of hunger and trouble and hardships, with a sense of pioneer pride.

One night a cyclone hit their tents and blew them a mile away. A deluge followed. They all piled into their coupe and slept there the rest of the night.

Said the mother: "That was the first night in all my life that I had ever actually felt that I did not have a place to sleep. It was a good thing for our souls. We all live too softly. That experience stirred up something in all of us that must have been handed down from our pioneer ancestors who trekked across this continent in the old days of covered wagons."

When America takes to the road again it reawakens the old pioneer spirit in all who journey. That is a wholesome thing for us. An immense caravan starts out each summer with the spirit of pioneers. There is very little de luxe traveling. Hotels clear across the continent tell me that more and more do automobilists in the summer take along their tents. And those that do not camp sleep in the thousands of little houses and tourists' camps along the way. Little houses can be rented per night for any price from twenty-five cents to a dollar. They are comfortable, and most of them have running water. Hotel tourist registrations fell twenty-five per cent during the past year, and that means that more and more Americans are pioneering for themselves.

Fourth, America drops its dignity when it takes to the road each summer, and that also is good for the soul of America.

When America starts out on its summer pilgrimage to any one or a dozen of ten thousand shrines, it does not care how it looks. It is out for fun, and there are no appearances to keep up.

I have seen dozens of automobiles fixed up like the old prairie schooners, with an entire family inside: beds, stoves, children; women washing clothes and nursing babies, as the cars smoothly crossed the continent.

I looked at one car on the road and there was a six-months-old baby swinging in a homemade hammock, with screens around it to keep off the flies and bugs; as happy as a lark. I counted twenty families with tiny babies last summer crossing the continent, rich and poor. One car was a high-priced one with a beautiful white enameled baby-box swinging from the top of the car; and one of the prettiest six-months-old babies

I ever saw sleeping quietly in it while the parents looked at the Grand Canyon.

Honeymooners take their wedding trips this way. It is more primitive and it is more romantic. There is a sense of aloneness.

Last summer I saw gocarts, wash tubs, refrigerators, baby carriages, and hundreds of dogs being carted across the continent. One evening I saw a family tethering their chickens out like hogs or cattle. Each chicken had a string tied to its leg, and they were all eating grass like cows.

More and more our automobile pioneers are taking to the use of trailers, and then they have a real home on wheels. Some of these trailers are furnished as comfortably as an actual home. Most of them have the inevitable—and indispensable—radio. All have bunks or cots for sleeping. Many have gasoline cookstoves. I have seen trailers with not only chairs, beds and radio, but an icebox in addition to the cookstove—although, because of the heat, many travelers prefer to make a fire outside, and cook camp fashion. No wonder trailer travel is increasingly popular!

Each summer America takes to the road again. It is good for her to do so. And America will throw off restraint, it will find its sense of humor again, it will learn to live and laugh; it will cast off the veneer of dignity; it will wear old clothes; it will relax, and come back home a better America when the summer pilgrimage is ended.

Fifth, America gets into a helpful mood when it takes to the road again.

It is a comradeship of service. Every man knows that he may get stuck himself so he never fails to help others who are in trouble and we all need to be reminded of the necessity of mutual aid now and then.

A friend of mine was hurtling eastward in Wyoming one morning. Far ahead he saw a woman walking along the road. His son said to him: "Dad, let's pick that woman up. It's a hot morning and she looks tired."

The father demurred, for he thought he was in a hurry, but the son insisted, so they stopped. When the surprised woman got into the car they noticed that she was carrying an orange in her hand wrapped in a piece of newspaper. They noticed how carefully she handled that orange. Finally she saw them looking at it and said: "It's for my child. She's sick in bed and this morning she said she would like to have an orange. I walked to town for it and I'm carrying it back to her. She'll like it."

"How far have you walked?" my friend asked her.

"Ten miles to town and ten miles back—if you hadn't picked me up."

"So you walk twenty miles to get your child an orange?" my friend asked, with a mist in his eyes which made him slow the machine down to fifteen miles.

"Yes, she wanted it so bad; I just couldn't bear her not havin' an orange."

"And you only got one orange to take back?" asked my friend.

"Yes—they cost five cents out here."

"Hey Jim, reach into that basket and give her a dozen oranges." And Jim did. And when my friend dropped that woman off at a lonely hot cross road and watched her walk off across the dry desert both son and father drove on silently



Johnny and the Ministry

By Frances Poindexter

My folks is Methodists, and so
When conference comes our way, you know,
Or some big meetin' is in town
That brings a lot of preachers 'round,
Why, Mother opens wide the door
And entertains a few—or more—
Of preachers.

Gee, don't I like to see 'em come?
I tell you what, we're goin' some
When we have chicken twice a day,
And fruit that Mother's put away
For winter—jam and preserves—!
She sure gets reckless when she serves
The preachers.

And I can't help a-thinkin'—Well,
When I set there and hear 'em tell
About the boys *they* used to be,
Just little chaps like Joe and me,
And had to milk, and chop the wood—
That they must find it mighty good,
Bein' preachers.

And then they sometimes want to know
If I don't think I'd like to go
To Afriky; as soon's I can,
And help to save my fellowman;
But I don't 'spress no special haste,
'Cause cann'bals has an awful taste
For preachers.

I'd whole lot ruther, when I'm grown,
Jest be a preacher here at home.
There's drawbacks even then, of course,
Some things is better, and some worse,
But when they go a-visitin', why,
There's allus chicken and pumpkin pie
For preachers.



but with little songs singing in their hearts.

Yes, America gets into a helpful mood when it takes to the road.

One day last summer we were driving across a long desert stretch east of Salt Lake City when suddenly and appallingly the fan belt bearings began to crash and

there we were fifteen miles from a town, the temperature 115 degrees and no one in sight. It was a hopeless situation, but in fifteen minutes a dilapidated old Ford came bearing down on us headed west. On the front seat was a young man in overalls and his wife was sitting beside him. In the rear seat was a small boy and a baby in a basket. I hailed them. They stopped.

I told them my trouble. The young farmer rummaged in his tool box, got out an old tire chain, tied it to my front bumper and slowly hauled me back to the last town we had passed through. Fortunately for me the agency which sells my make of car had a 1937 fan belt unit; the last one he had. If he hadn't had that single unit I might have waited two days in that hot desert town which had only ten houses and no hotel. But luck was with me. He had one.

When it was fixed I called the young man in overalls who had helped me to one side and handed him five dollars. If I had sent for a wrecking car it would have cost me fifteen.

He said: "No, I won't take any money for helping you, Mister. This morning a fellow helped me out. No, I won't take any money for helping a friend out on the road!"

I replied to that: "I'm a Methodist preacher and I would have had to pay fifteen dollars even if I could have gotten a wrecker—"

That's as far I got, for his face lighted up and he said: "Why, Mister, I'm a Methodist myself and now I *know* I won't take any money for hauling you in."

"But I've got money and I can afford it—and you saved me at least ten dollars and I might still be out there in the desert if it hadn't been for you."

With all of my trained eloquence I argued with him. Finally I argued him into taking that five dollars. He succumbed and then added: "I don't like to do it, for a fellow helped me out this morning. I ran out of gas and I didn't have any money to buy any and he gave me a gallon." Then it was that I learned that, in spite of the fact that he didn't even have enough money to buy gas, he had earnestly and sincerely refused to take money from me.

Then Mrs. Stidger walked over to the young mother in the old Ford. The mother was weeping a little and when Mrs. Stidger asked her why she said: "Now I can have some mosquito netting to cover my baby at night. Its face is all over bites because we couldn't afford to get some netting to cover her. Lady, you don't know what that five dollars will mean to us."

And yet that honest young farmer didn't want to take the five dollars.

It was worth driving clear across the continent to have that experience and to know that that spirit of teamwork, helpfulness, and neighborliness still lives.



Though fish and lobsters are the only food many of the natives can get, and have lived on for ages, some missionaries forbid the eating of them

Missions on SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

By R. JULIAN DASHWOOD

IN NO other part of the world perhaps is mission work more evident than in the British-controlled Cook group of South Sea islands.

It is barely a hundred years since John Williams landed in Rarotonga and well under the same century before the last of the northern atolls was evangelized by native pastors of the London Missionary Society.

Today there are three separate bodies active among the fifteen thousand odd Polynesians who comprise the population of these eleven small islands. Their personnel, besides locally trained native clergy, includes fourteen Europeans, four of whom are teaching Sisters attached to the Catholic Mission of the Sacred Heart.

But from the first the London Missionary Society has retained its original lead and its particular interpretation of Wesleyanism may be regarded as the most general form of religious expression throughout the group. Its whitewashed coral-lime churches not only dominate

their actual surroundings but serve, in the widest sense, as a focal point to which all the threads of communal village life are drawn.

The remaining mission, supported by the Seventh Day Adventist Church, is a comparatively late comer and has not to any great extent spread beyond the immediate field of its own financial radius. It is, one cannot help feeling, singularly ill-fitted for promulgation among a South Sea island population where strict adherence to its tenets often involves real deprivation. In the northern atolls for instance, where the only fresh food besides fish, fowls and coconuts is pig, pork eating is prohibited and even among the fish all shell fish, including lobster, is barred, together with eels and turtle. Dancing and most forms of sport are also on the blacklist, leaving the islanders with singularly little amusement in a land where there are no movies, radios or even newspapers.

On the other hand, it must be ad-

mitted that the Adventist insistence on combining a practical knowledge of some useful trade or profession with missionary duties is an excellent one. It is no unusual sight to see one of their pastors building a house, making a boat or assisting in the work of a plantation and if anyone thinks the less of him for doing so it is certainly not a member of his own congregation.

Are the missions successful? If by that one means are all the people converted, then certainly they have succeeded. But if you were to ask if religion had for the natives any of the deep significance that it has for us, I should have to confess that it had not. However let me hasten to add that this is not the fault of the missions concerned. Neither the Polynesian temperament nor the traditional or ancestral background to the Islands are conducive to seriousness or a sense of personal responsibility.

Life goes past them too easily for introspection. Birth, marriage, death, happiness and sorrow, fair weather or hurricane, are all and each simply segments of a circle, to be taken in whatever order the wheel happens to turn. Also, I think, too short a time has elapsed for these people to have gained more than the most superficial veneer of western thought and ideology. Seen casually they present many outward signs of sophistication; clothes, homes, amusements and, in Rarotonga, their cars and bicycles, all give an impression of modernization, yet fundamentally their orientation is still that of primitive man, childlike but not childish, apathetically hostile to innovation and profoundly suspicious, argumentative, improvident and hospitable, without malice, incapable of gratitude.

And like all primitive races, they are forever treading upon the threshold of the supernatural. A woman dreams that she is stricken with an illness whilst wearing her best dress and on waking her first act will be to burn the frock. A man has built a new canoe with much labor, he sees himself wrecked in it and drowned. In the morning he deliberately destroys the work of weeks. A sea-bird calls in the night; it is an omen of impending death. At dusk little coconut-oil lamps are placed beside the newer tombs and church-goers returning after dark carry small lanterns to ward off ghosts.

Theoretically the old gods are dead, actually they survive in numerous customs of which the origins have in most cases been forgotten. People with a certain name cannot eat crayfish, those of another must not touch eels and so on. If they do they will sicken or calamity will overtake them. And investigation discloses that the eel, the crayfish *et al* were formerly the ancestral deities of the family, possessors of beneficial and punitive powers, the eating of whose namesakes would amount to nothing less than cannibalism of the most heinous kind.

Likewise, when a person dies it is

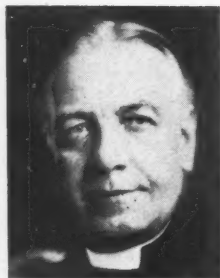
(Continued on page 45)

Text: "And whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted." Matt. 23:12

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH AND A WORLD CRISIS

By

RT. REV. JAMES E. FREEMAN,
BISHOP OF WASHINGTON



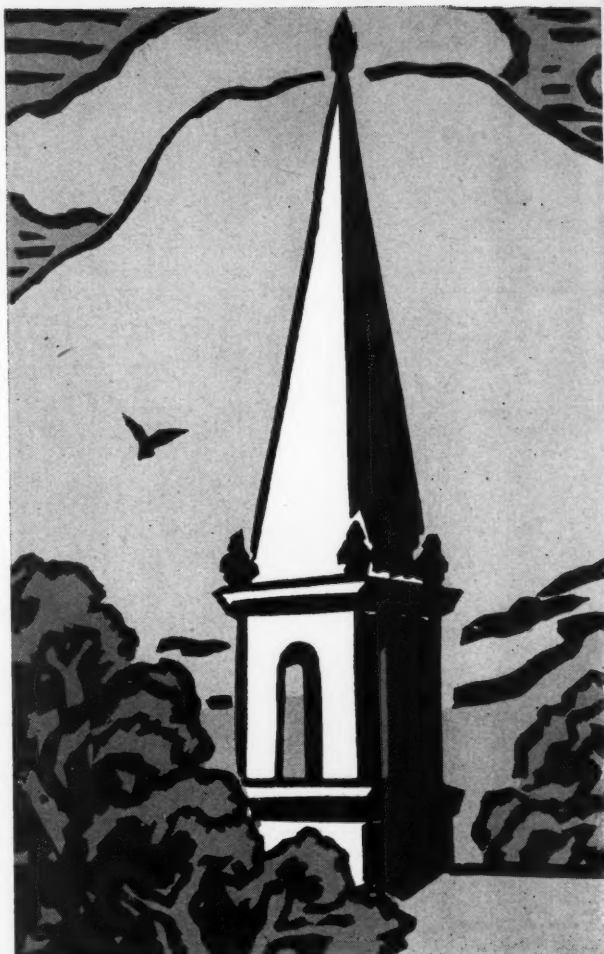
Wide World
BISHOP FREEMAN

SO CHALLENGING is such a theme that it commands the best we have to give and renders us abashed and humbled by its implications and magnitude. We have become so accustomed to following ways that were unembarrassed by difficult and trying situations; ways that were both traditional and quite universally observed, that we find ourselves stunned by the awful suddenness of a world catastrophe, more ominous and threatening than anything that has gone before. We knew,

or thought we knew, the full orbit of our pastoral and parochial duties. We knew, or thought we knew, all the refinements and niceties of a reverently ordered corporate worship. We knew, or thought we knew, what kind of preaching our age needed, and with conscious gifts of mind and heart we felt our sufficiency, or at times our insufficiency. With all this garnered knowledge and experience we pursued our way, at times regaled and refreshed by mountain top experiences, again shadowed and depressed by a too protracted period in the valley of humiliation.

This in brief was the story of our ministry. People needed *us*, we needed *people*. Some of us had large, well-tilled fields in which to serve; others, quite as worthy, had small and sometimes arid pastures in which to feed and nurture their flocks. In any event the world, a part of it at least, accepted us, and our office had its honors, distinctions and emoluments. There was now and again an expression of kindly fellowship between brethren who bore different names and pronounced different shibboleths, but there was little more than this, and we went along our way dreaming of a time when our Lord's prayer for unity would be fulfilled, dreaming of it, just as generation after generation before us had dreamed of it, but had contributed little to its accomplishment. All of us felt, I think all or most of us, that the concerns of God's kingdom as we knew it and served it, were in measurably good condition, at least our multiplied churches and Christian agencies seemed to confirm it. America was growing in power, her wealth was increasing, her trade and commerce were expanding and the Church held an enviable place, with at least a respectable portion of every community.

Roughly and briefly sketched, that was the picture but a few short years ago. Now all this is changed, and every thoughtful man of us who is thinking soberly about himself



SERMON



WHAT SHALL BE THE PLACE AND WORK OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN THIS EMERGENCY



and his work, is being compelled to reappraise both himself and his church, and to discover if he may, what new adjustments he must make, what new and different and better service he must render, if he and his church are to survive. It is becoming increasingly clear that if those of us who are charged with sacred duties and the King's business do not think soberly and seriously, and in the spirit of a true humility, our office will be taken from us, and another shall stand in our stead. Wherever and whenever we of the ministry gather together today, we are compelled by the exigencies of the situation, to reckon with our common problems and to pray and think, and plan and pray, that we may be found worthy of

the mighty office and responsibility we bear.

It is in this spirit and with this kind of reflection and appraisal of our work, that we must face our tasks. We do not have to take counsel of our fears; we do have to reckon with conditions that are real and not fancied. One thing is certain, namely, that we are in the center of a fearful storm, the outcome of which no living prophet can forecast.

Proud as it is of its past, confident as it may be of its future, the Christian Church faces a situation so utterly unique and challenging, that it calls for all it has of genius and statesmanship. The very implication of our theme suggests that America needs and must have Christ if it is to continue in security and peace. We have long held the conviction that this is a Christian nation. We have adhered to the belief that, despite all our follies and weaknesses, we as a people were governed by Christian ideals and Christian principles. Suddenly, in our fancied security, we have had a rude awakening. The world, as we of this generation have known it, has seen the shattering of many of its conceits and the breaking down of many of its cherished hopes. To use the language of a distinguished journalist we are being reminded that, "the works of man shrivel into nothingness before the blazing image of God." While we thought we were Christian, as a people, we have been slowly becoming pagan. Alien and Godless influences have invaded our national life. We are not so confident that we have been conscious at all times of the "blazing image of God." As a matter of fact we have so magnified our own creations, our vast man-made creations, that the image of God has been blurred, if not effaced. In our anguish and confusion we have been driven to a reappraisal of the things we have made and the institutions we have set up. Many, if not most of them, have signally failed to sustain and secure us in this hour of our severe testing. Something tragic has happened in our life and for the while we stand bewildered by the terrible events that have come upon us. We cry, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace;" we grope in the shadows and find ourselves helpless to see the paths that lead to security and continuing happiness. Leadership, even the best we can command, has proved impotent and helpless. Our genius as traders, our amazing skill as mechanics, our cunning as diplomats and statesmen, have not served to render us immune to the forces of evil that have conspired to defeat and destroy all that we cherish and hold dear.

The most tragic circumstance in this world debacle is our moral unfitness to meet disaster. We do not have to recount here the extent of what is happening in our modern world, or to make graphic its horrors and miseries. Every morning brings its sickening tale of destruction and devastation. Life has become so cheap that the forces of evil make no reckoning of the holocaust on sea and land, or of the terrible misfortunes visited upon those who are innocent and unoffending. Strive as we may, we cannot shut ourselves off from the cries of those upon whom this affliction has come, nor would we if we could. That we are sensitive to their ills, especially to those of a kindred nation, Great Britain, we readily admit. By blood and tradition, our life, our customs, our speech, yes and our religious convictions, make us one with the peoples of the British Empire.

Such a situation as we face today calls for deepened humility as well as a strong resolve to make the tie that binds together the English-speaking peoples so strong, that no power on earth shall ever divorce those whom God has joined together. For better or worse, we are united in an indissoluble union. May God strengthen the tie and make us one in our devotion to the high enterprise to which we are commonly committed.

I repeat, such a time as this calls for an increase of humility and justified self-examination. America has descended from the mount of vision to which it had been lifted in the period of the World War, to the low levels of selfishness and self-seeking. The post-war years, with their material gains, their opulence and their orgy of speculation and spending, enervated our moral tone and left us soft, and lacking in moral fibre and fitness. When the period of suspended national prosperity came with cataclysmic consequences, we were so depleted physically,

intellectually and morally that we were wholly unprepared to meet it, and a divided Church was incapable of making its influence felt. It was incapable of bringing to an alarmed, panicky and disordered people, the strong tonic of a reviving and rejuvenating Gospel. To fail to reckon with the impotence of the moral and religious forces in the catastrophe, is to fail to appraise rightly the extent of the disaster that came upon us. It was something more than loss of confidence issuing in the smashing of values and the grave impairment of our whole economic structure; it was the utter failure of our moral and religious convictions, and our looseness of life, that made us the easy prey of fear and confusion, and rendered us incapable of maintaining our house against the forces that were arrayed against us. We had lessened powers of resistance. Pride and arrogance contributed to our defeat. We were too self-confident. The maladies that had afflicted other nations and peoples, so we of America thought, could never invade our strongly compacted institutions.

As we survey these past eleven years we have little cause for pride and less for confidence. They have been shadowed years, marked largely by unrepentance and an excess of self-assurance. We have tried to cure our ills by palliatives and narcotics, by experiments in legislation, by attempted short-cuts to a new kind of prosperity, and by the assurance that America was possessed of resources that would speedily return it to its normal habit of life. All these things are a part of the record of these sad and tragic years. It is not one of which we may be proud. Our mad search for increase of material values has made us unresponsive to the ways of life that in other periods gave us our finest distinction and our greatest security. Our domestic and social life has suffered, even in professed Christian circles, a decline of the decencies and refinements that were the marked characteristics of other days.

This is no time for conceit and arrogance in state and church. This is a time for deep humility and the confession of our sins. Without these we shall go on to increasing failure, disillusionment and greater disaster. "God be merciful to us sinners," may not be a popular petition today, but it is none the less indispensable. If we do not recover our poise, our courage and our decision, we shall go deeper into the morass in which we are now floundering. These things in our soberer moments we readily admit. Our inconsistencies, our faults, our sins, to acknowledge them is good for our souls and better for our individual and corporate lives.


Hardly had we partially emerged from our economic misfortunes when the shadows of another world war were darkening our horizons. Today we are again thrown into a state of mind that borders on panic. We are embarked on a course the end of which no living statesman or group of statesmen can forecast. At peace with all the world, we are summoned to arms. The sharp notes of the bugle call us to prepare for any eventuality. What this may mean, who would venture to say? We are no longer boasting of our "proud isolation." We have resolved that we shall outmatch on sea and land and in the air, any and all enemies. Once again we place our trust in "reeking tube and iron shard." We would be strong, we would be mighty and invincible. Our pacific designs and our high aims to live in peace with all our neighbors have suddenly suffered collapse. We do not challenge the wisdom of adequate preparedness; we do challenge the assumption that, America's strength resides in great navies and armed forces. True patriotism is not disclosed in stirred emotions that can only be aroused by marching troops and the flashing splendor of mighty fleets. Real, enduring patriotism is made of stronger, sterner, better stuff. It is in the devotion of a people to those great, unchanging spiritual ideals that lend to them courage, zeal and the strength to carry on in the face of every disaster. "His strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure"—this, despite all the noise and clamor of the shouting mob, is the first essential of a nation's security, and the guarantee of its peace.

We do not as Christians yield to those who place force above righteousness and all that goes with (Continued on page 44)



By

DOROTHY
CANFIELD
FISHER

 ON OUR front porch the other day two intelligent men, meeting for the first time, fell to comparing notes about their impressions and experiences. It was not long of course before they were talking, as we all do now, about the war, and from that to what they had been taught in their college years about the last war. One of the speakers was about forty, the other a little under thirty, so there must have been at least a decade between their college life, and they had gone to colleges widely separated. But it turned out that their professors of history, sociology, political economy had all taught the same thesis about the "Great War" (as it was hopefully but mistakenly named by those who simply could not imagine a conflict so horribly greater as our present nightmare). It had been, they told their students, just a total loss, a hideous mistake. "The profs said, and proved it to the hilt, that absolutely nothing was gained by that war, that nobody on either side won a single thing by all that slaughter."

Yes, they both agreed, these two members of the younger generation, that thesis had been presented and proved to them by masses of economic facts and statistics.

Nor did they doubt it now. But, although they had come to the same conception from different ages, educations, geographical backgrounds—they now realized that their professors' thesis was only half the truth. And because it was only half, it wasn't the truth at all, but a real misrepresentation—"maybe not a lie," one of them said, with a wry smile, "but a sure-enough misrepresentation." Because the half which had never been mentioned by their profs, was exactly as vital as the half which had been so much played up in all classroom lectures. It was true, perfectly true, that nobody had won anything by the war. They didn't

deny that. But what had sedulously *not* been described to them by their teachers was all that would have been lost if the war had not been waged—and won. "That side of the matter was kept perfectly dark," they said, "and we were too inexperienced and young to see it for ourselves. It is only now, when we are again in danger of losing it that we see what the world would have lost, what would have happened, if no resistance had been made, and if that resistance had not been successful, to the onslaught of the German military machine."

"What would have happened?" I asked.

They answered me, "The complete establishing of militarism as the sole possible basis of human life."

"But, good gracious!" I cried with a groan. "With everybody on the globe arming to the teeth, aren't we seeing a complete triumph of the military spirit right now?"

"Not in the least," said my two younger interlocutors. "Vast numbers of those who are arming themselves today are protesting with passion against the need to do it, and are casting about with impassioned eagerness to find some organization of society which will do away with that necessity. If the result of the war of 1914-18 had been the opposite of what it was, everybody would have taken it as proof, irrefutable proof, that to be armed to the teeth is the only possible, indeed the only desirable and self-respecting way to live."

"That," said one of these two Americans, "is what I've got against those college profs who kept proving to us that nobody *won* anything in the last war. Maybe they didn't do it on purpose, but what they really *were* doing, was hiding from us what would have been *lost*, if your generation hadn't fought like tigers to prevent that loss."

They went on into talk about the draft, as to which class they would be put in by their local boards, about friends already in training camps—the discussion one hears nowadays when two men of military age, or near it, get together.

Being a wearer of petticoats, not uniforms, and far beyond military age, these details soon slid from my attention and instead of listening, I found myself transposing the point they had made into a field as familiar to women as military training to men—the field of family relations. It occurred to me that in that field also, people may be misrepresenting the truth by telling only half of it. Advocates of the "new" or "modern" methods of bringing up children, for instance, have made great claims about the result of using in the parent-child relationship some of what has been learned about human psychology. And in the opposite camp people who temperamentally don't like those new methods, have with heat pointed out the foolish mistakes often made in their application, and the inadequate foolishness of those occasional prac-

tioners of modern methods who are not very strong in the upper story. But in all this discussion, pro and con as to whether anything, and what, and how much, is being gained by the modern attempt to understand the relations of cause and effect in children's lives, nothing is said about what would be lost if family life should be pushed back on its old basis of authority for its own sake.

Of course what really happened at any period of the world's history, under any government, in any framework of society or family organization, bears a close resemblance to what always happens, is happening now. Human nature is too vast and various to be completely pressed into any mould. Indeed one of the reasons, probably, for the present reactionary criticism of "modern methods" in the classroom and in the family, is that people of good sense instinctively know that too much is claimed for them by their advocates. All advocates of "systems" claim too much. But another reason certainly is that the sharp eyes of the younger critics see clearly that foolish, feeble, fumbling mistakes are often made by modern fathers and mothers, trying to be "psychologically sound" in what they do for their children. But not the sharpest eye can see what is no longer visible. There are no more families, not in our country anyhow, where Mother is always right and Father is a combination of Hitler, Mussolini and Almighty God. Younger observers of parents and children haven't the least idea—of course, how would they, since it all happened before they were born—what kind of



Old
ANDHE

mistakes, very much worse than those which are fumbling and foolish, followed on the acceptance of the saying, so commonly heard fifty years ago, "Let a child's first lesson be obedience. After that you can teach him anything."

"I'll say you can teach him anything," I reflected, remembering the reminiscences of my great-aunts and other ancient kinsfolk. "You can teach him hypocrisy to perfection, if he is weak and docile. You can, if he is strong and vital, teach him a fixed reflex of life-long negative rebellion against any and all authority. You can plant self-distrust so great as to cut him off forever from normal maturity of character. You can teach him hatreds deep enough to warp his



Cousin Emma

HER YOUNG FATHER



whole existence throughout his life."

The great advantage of old family stories over those you get out of books is of course that the listener has under his eyes the characters in the plot in their maturity and old age. He knows the sequel to every tale. When I had thought so hotly of the lesson of hypocrisy taught by the pressure on weak yielding characters, of dictatorship in the family, I had been remembering poor untrustworthy Aunt Rachel, brought up by a bossy mother, and always ready to agree wholly with you, especially if you pounded a little on the table, but always ready to go secretly behind your back to get what she wanted. Not a woman did I know in the younger generation who felt

herself driven in self-protection to such slave's tactics. When I thought of corroding self-distrust it was of timid, shrinking, old Henry Morse, dutiful son of an authoritarian father—how anxiously old Henry washed his hands, over and over, ten, twenty, thirty times a day, until finally he had to be taken away to the insane asylum where he did nothing else. When I had thought of life-long negative hatred of all authority, it was our family skeleton, a cousin of an earlier generation, who had died in the penitentiary, an enemy to society, apparently just out of a sick need to assert his own self-respect. And as to warping hatred—it was bitter Cousin Emma's conversion at a Methodist revival, that came to my mind. This

is one of those legends which are embalmed in a family memory because they chance to be crystallized in one memorable, or comic, or poetic, or picturesque phrase. In Cousin Emma's story, the phrase was of melodramatic absurdity. Certainly the story was not handed down because we were, any of us, especially interested in old Cousin Emma, known to the disrespectful younger generation as the "family lemon," so unable was she to enjoy life. Yet from the stories of her as a little girl, trying to write poetry, to do "ornamental spatter-work," begging to be allowed to wear bright colors, much given to crushes on older girls, it was evident that in youth she had been ardent, sensitive, responsive—probably born with an artistic creative gift of some kind, certainly with sensory and emotional perceptions keener than those of ordinary people. Her parents, conscientiously trying to do their duty by their children, had, as the cornerstone of parental responsibility, the one fundamental idea which the tradition of their day always impressed upon parents, that they "must make their children mind." Since mostly what they wanted Emma to do was of a quality intensely tiresome and uninteresting to an imaginative, poetic, vividly feeling child (although her young sister, placid, literal, docile, thrived under the regime which drove young Emma wild), it was not long before the "habit of conflict" grew up in the relations with her. They had never been warned of the danger of establishing a "habit of conflict" in a child's mind. Nor were there any books on child psychology to suggest dozens of ingenious devices to avoid that, and establish instead by many experiences of happy cooperation the "habit of confidence." No, they were safe back in the good old days before parents were pestered with book-learning, and new-fangled dictionary language. What their tradition told them was that having a "naturally disobedient" child to bring up, they must redouble their efforts to "make her mind." The more Emma, like a spirited young colt of racing stock, set to pull a plough, reared back and thrashed around, the more her father whipped and pulled on the reins. Her mother seems to have dropped out of the picture early. Probably she was placid and docile like the other daughter. By the time she was sixteen, any contact between Emma and her father was like the contact between sandpaper and a match, resulting in an instant flare of smoky sulphurous flame.

And then a magnetic, experienced, elderly, well-known, itinerant, Methodist preacher came to town to hold a revival. Emma was full of the emotional ferment of adolescence. She felt a great longing to escape from the warfare which was the background of her life in her perfectly "good" home, under the care of really devoted parents. Her yearning for peace in her personal life flowed together

(Continued on page 47)

"It will be a new world, finer and better than has yet been known, another step nearer to that perfect society which is the true Kingdom of God"

By RALPH
SADLER
MEADOWCROFT

Let us reason together



THE world is in agony; that is one of the commonest observations of our time. Ever since 1914 we have acted like drowning men. The anguish of the first World War was so frightful that it inevitably dislocated the backbone of the human spirit and ever since the times have been out of joint. We have wobbled along from one disaster to another feeling superficially hopeful one day and tumbling down into the blues on the following day with equally superficial despairs. The 1920's were one of the most idealistic periods in the history of international relations. It was all very ridiculous thinking that peace could be established with Lausanne treaties, Kellogg-Briand Pacts and disarmament conferences. We can see the foolishness now, but there can be no question that at the time, these gestures incarnated the hope of all civilized people.

Despite our efforts, however, the clouds began to gather. The last five years were a sort of nightmare. We carried on living each day according to their necessary tasks, but all the time our sixth sense was concerned with the long shadows darkening the light. And at last, the world exploded into mad destruction.

The world is dying. Quite literally that is true of the world we have known. The old standards and ideals, the goals we set and for which we toiled have been challenged and are being rejected by increasing masses of people. Even Christianity itself has been cast aside. It is a sobering thought that within the last twenty-five years Christianity has been officially dismissed by nations containing 200,000,000 people. There are

weighty arguments for Dr. Goebbel's triumphant boast that the Christian-bourgeois world is already defeated and about to receive its final decapitation. That the world we have known is destroyed without hope of revival is now beyond debate. Even if Great Britain and her empire defeat Hitler, the road back has been blocked with debt and destruction far too radically for any possibility of repair. That world of security and individualism, of tolerance and "live and let live" is indeed dead.

It is this fact which has injected such pessimism into the mood of 1941. Even the churches, the stewards of the Gospel of Hope, have yielded to the shadows. Since the war began a year ago we have had surprisingly little to say. Each minister has had some explanation of why God allows the war while many have denounced Hitler, supported the armaments program of the United States and joined the debate over the neutrality issue. But all this is complete-

ly negative; it has no constructive word for the world of tomorrow. We have yielded to the temptation of Jonah that because a certain kind of world is passing we have nothing to live for and cry, "Take away my life."

But such a cry is not justified for the simple reason that the very fact a certain world order is dying means that a new society is in process of being born. Young people have realized this and are not as hopeless as their parents. The other day at a luncheon a wise and prominent business man remarked upon this very point. "You are like my nephew and other young people with whom I have talked," he said. "I and those of my generation are scared to death as we contemplate the future. But the youngsters react to contemporary events with keen interest and a sense of anticipation that they have a big job ahead of them." That attitude is the only one with which to approach the tomorrow. A world order is dying, but world orders have died in the past.



Assyria, Greece and Rome once dominated their worlds and were pushed aside. But out of the disintegration of the pagan Ancient World came the Christian society of the Middle Ages. This system was forced to make way for the Modern World of the Renaissance and Reformation, under which mankind reaped the infinitely greater benefits of capitalism and the glory of Christian Protestantism. The eighteenth century witnessed another major change as power industry was born. Yes, a world is dying but a new world is being born. And Longfellow's words have special relevance for us:

"Let the dead past bury its dead.
Act, act in the living present.
Heart within, and God o'er head."

For the Christian Church this does not mean a cheap spirit of living from day to day. The world of tomorrow can be more Christian than the society which is now being blown to smithereens, but only if the followers of Christ are prepared to assume its leadership. Bluntly it is a fight between Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini and the Mikado versus Jesus Christ, Atheism and Religion, lies versus truth and the strongest side will win. Humanity faces vast problems. Those problems must be solved by a new social order. The side which can offer the best solution and possesses the greater strength to establish itself in the seat of power will dominate the tomorrow.

This then is the situation. Christianity has the opportunity to produce the most Christian world in history. Two things are required. First, the willingness of Christian people to accept power and to wield it. If we are satisfied to be only the icing on top of the cake, then we can and will be dispensed with. Assumption of power means that we are determined to be the whole cake. Between us and the powers of darkness there is no tolerance but unrelenting war. We are going to die or they are. The day of Christ at the village wedding feast is over. Now our Master is the stern figure who flogs corruption from the temple of God's world. This will mean a revising of church memberships. Let those men and women who only want to play with religion get out. They are harmful to the church in its work. They are a "fifth column" and should be treated as such. Better for the church in America to lose half its members than to be sabotaged by their chicken-hearted support.

But there is another step which is imperatively needed. The Christian Church must think out the world of tomorrow in terms of its own gospel. We cannot ask mankind to give to us the leadership if we are only prepared to drift into the tomorrow. We must have a program which we are prepared to adopt. Now, this is not an easy proposition for many Christian people. They too often think that the old words and ceremonies of our faith are sufficient

but that is not true. The churches need to arrange study groups among their members for intelligent, honest discussion as to how Christian principles apply to our world. It would be a great step if all the churches of America through the coming months gathered their people together in such groups. It would increase both our zeal and intelligence, thus fitting us for the task which under God we must accept, of riding the storm of one of the mightiest revolutions in the history of mankind.

Already some churches have inaugurated such programs. One of the New York churches is even spreading its meetings by a regular Sunday afternoon radio hour. This is in the right direction and should be developed in churches all over the country.

Perhaps the difficulty is not in forming groups but in determining what they shall think about. Indeed, many Christian men and women have not yet decided what are the real problems which confront us. Yet there is a pressing necessity for us to do so. If God invites us to reason with Him, that is not an invitation to sit down and casually listen to a lecture from the Deity. Reasoning is more than nodding the head; it is a genuine effort of the mind to consider a subject and arrive at a sensible conclusion. And the questions which God wants us to consider are surely obvious.

First is the question of what is Christianity? Naturally the world cannot be reconstructed on Christian lines until we know what those lines are. The Christian way of life has certain definite ideas about God, about man and society. Those ideas differ from the ideas which a Hindu, a Buddhist or a Mohammedan believes. They also differ from the ideology of a Nazi or a Stalinist. But it is only possible to state the Christian position when one knows what it is.

Possibly it seems foolish that churches and church people should rediscover their own faith, yet that is precisely what is needed at this hour. The overwhelming number of young people hardly know the A.B.C. of the Christian faith. They believe in God, though just what God is, they don't know; they believe Jesus Christ was a fine example whom we should try to imitate and that they should be kind and brotherly toward their fellows. The majority of those who go to church do so far more for social than religious reasons. Literally in another generation a great section of the church will not know what it believes, if the present condition continues.

The older generation has tended to split into two sections. One group has inclined toward the modernist point of view. They have been so busy constructing penthouses on top of Christian culture that their foundations have got shaky and the building shows distinct signs of being unable to stand up. The

other group has held fast to Fundamentalism; in other words, they have been so attentive to the care of the foundations that they have not done any building since Christopher Columbus sailed to America. Neither of these positions is any more satisfactory than the secularism of modern youth. The question of what is Christianity is an urgent problem before all of us to-day.


The second question is how to make Christianity work in our twentieth century world. Some years ago a movement was started under the title "A First Century Christian Fellowship". But that is absurd. We cannot be a first century fellowship and what is more, we would not be any use if we were. We are living in the twentieth century and must be a twentieth century Christian fellowship. We have to make Christianity accomplish its work in the social world conditions of to-day. Here the liberals and modernists might be fitted to be the church's interpreters for they have been alive to the conditions of contemporary affairs. Unfortunately, however, they don't know what Christianity is and are in the position of a doctor who is brilliant in diagnosis but knows nothing about medicines. He can tell you what is wrong but he cannot tell you how to cure the disease. Having rediscovered not only the "faith once delivered to the saints" but also that faith with all its later enrichments of understanding and appreciation, we must then make it work in the world of to-day. Now, that means we must understand our world and its problems. No greater problem exists, for example, than that of war. Few men are unconditional pacifists but all reasonable people are haters of war. It is the greatest evil under heaven. Without question the evil of war is one problem with which Christianity must deal to-day until it is banished forever from society. But it is not enough to repeat that when all people become Christian war will automatically disappear. That is like diagnosing a disease, offering a prayer and then casually leaving the patient to be healed. The prayer will have its part in the cure but God will also use the skill of the doctor to bring the result. We must study the causes of war, the influences and conditions which stir the martial spirit and the ways in which the Christian principle must be applied to bring about a war-less world. We must now learn the framework and form of social order in which the power of God can properly express itself.

These are the two problems upon which the church of today must reason. If she does so, the world of tomorrow will not be dominated by Hitler, Stalin or any other super-brutes. It will be a new world, finer and better than has yet been known, another step nearer to that perfect society which is the Kingdom of God.

Aunt Julia's 'Babies'

By FREDERICK E. BURNHAM

Another "Doc Torrey" Story

 "IT BEATS all, Doc, how much land thet Colonel Bowman be buyin' here in town," remarked old Seth Cunningham, speaking to Dr. Torrey, Westford's retired practitioner while sunning himself on the latter's piazza one rather cool September morning. "I hear as how he's jest bought the old Phipps farm. Thet makes six farms thet he's took over an' j'ined together."

"Yes, the Colonel has bought a good many acres since coming here two years ago, Seth," declared the doctor. "His summer estate must comprise fully five hundred acres."

"I be wonderin' 'bout Aunt Julia's place," continued Cunningham. "Now thet Jim Phipps has sold his farm, the Colonel has got her hemmed in on two sides."

"Julia won't sell to him, Seth. That is where Henry Dustin brought her a bride something like forty-five years ago. They had been married only about five years when Henry died. A day or two before he passed away he told her that he wanted to be buried up in the pasture beneath two pines, and that was where he was buried, as of course you know."

"Yes, I've been by his grave many a time in the years gone by, Doc. Speakin' o' that, I dunno as I was ever by there but what there was a purty bunch o' flowers afore the stone she had erected, a good shar' o' the time flowers that she must have bought down to the greenhouse. Julia sure thought a lot o' Henry. Mm. Ain't she 'round seventy year old?"

"Just about that, Seth. They were both around twenty-five years old when they were married, and that would make her about thirty when Henry died. It was the next year that she began nursing, and very shortly thereafter I had excellent reasons for recommending her. I found her especially efficient when it came to births. Offhand I would say that she has assisted me in not far from six hundred births."

"Well, I hope thet Julia ain't routed out at her time o' life, Doc, but ye never can tell what a rich man can do. Do ye know how much the mortgage be on her place?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars—rather more than the farm would bring at auction. However, the bank seems to be satisfied, for she is prompt with the interest."

"Do ye know the name o' the bank as holds the mortgage, Doc?"

"The Farmers Savings Bank."

"Colonel Bowman be President o' that bank, Doc. What's to hinder him takin' over the mortgage an' demandin' thet it be paid up in full?"

"Why, why, I—I suppose he could do that," replied the doctor, a worried look coming into his eyes.

"I reckon thet be the move as Colonel Bowman 'ill make in case he wants to get holt o' the property, Doc. I dunno where Julia 'ould turn to find the money, was she called on to raise it. I swan I don't! I doubt if there be ary man in town as 'ould figger it sound business to advance fifteen hundred dollars, bein' as the tillage be gone—grewed up to saplin's an' bushes."

"Yes, Seth, Julia would have a deal of trouble in raising even a thousand dollars on the property now, for not only has the tillage degenerated since Henry died, but both the house and barn are badly out of repair."

"O' course, Doc, the Colonel may figger thet he's got all the land he wants, but it ain't nach'al for him to own both sides an' not want Julia's place."

For a few moments the doctor was silent, and then he said, "If Colonel Bowman makes a move to that end—takes steps leading toward foreclosure, I am going to take a hand."

"Ye mean thet ye'll take up the mortgage yourself, Doc?"

"No, Seth, for I am in no position to do it," replied the doctor, shaking his head. "I have a little money out on mortgages, but so far as ready cash is concerned, I have only a few hundred dollars in the bank. Still, I feel very sure that I can checkmate him, in a way that has come to my mind."

"The Colonel be a hard man to run up agin, Doc," remarked Cunningham.

"Ye-ou know, Doc, how he gener'ly has his way at town meetin'. Folks be afeard o' his millions."

"Colonel Bowman's millions cannot prevail against the greatest thing in the world, Seth," declared the doctor in measured tones.

"Huh?"

"Love. As I said before, Seth, Julia has assisted me in not far from six hundred births during her career as nurse. It is altogether probable that at least three hundred—and I refer to adults—reside here in Westford." He closed his eyes, and the while a rare smile lighted

his lined face. "Julia calls them her 'babies,' and I love to think of them in that light, for she had as much, and oftentimes more to do with their early struggle for life than did I. Now, in her old age, if trouble strikes, Julia's 'babies' are not going to fail her."

"Meaning?"

"That I shall contact each one of them here in Westford, Seth, and love will prevail, prevail against the Bowman millions."

"Al'ays lookin' arter them as be in trouble, Doc," said Cunningham, placing his hand on the doctor's knee. "Look-



Illustrator CHARLES ZINGARO

Just then the band, then within ten rods of the house, struck up "Onward Christian Soldiers," and the marching men and women broke into song:

me relative to taking legal steps leading to foreclosure proceedings against Aunt Julia. I gave it to him right from the shoulder—what I thought of him."

"Well, John, you being one of Julia's 'babies,' I am going to have you head the list."

"What?"

"This move on the part of the Colonel is no surprise to me. I have had that eventuality in mind for some days. Now I am ready for action—potent action. I have fifteen hundred dollars to raise—the amount of Julia's mortgage. I feel very sure that the love of Julia's 'babies' is going to prove vastly more powerful than the Bowman millions. I am calling on you for five dollars, John."

"Five! I'm for making it ten, Doc. Later, if you need it, let me know and I will hand you another ten."

"Thank you, John. I will keep that offer in mind, but hope that I shall not be obliged to avail myself of it."

That afternoon Dr. Torrey drove out to see Aunt Julia. As he alighted from his buggy she came from the house, the snow-whiteness of her hair accentuated by her deathly pale face.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you, Dr. Torrey!" she cried as they met.

"I am here, Julia, to tell you that Colonel Bowman has got your friends in this town to reckon with, and those friends are legion," declared the doctor, taking her arm and leading the way to the house.

"You—you think there is hope, Dr. Torrey?" she choked.

"The two greatest things in the world, Julia, are love and hope—a well-mated team, well-nigh invincible," declared the doctor. He led her to an easy chair, and taking a seat beside her, said, "There is a rift in the clouds—a new day is breaking."

"You—you think that there is a chance that I won't lose my home?"

"More than a chance, Julia, yes, more than a probability. By the way, I wonder if you have kept a record of the births handled by you as my assistant?"

"I indeed have, Doctor," she replied. "Would you like to see it?"

"Why, yes, if it is handy. In fact I would like to borrow it for a few days. It would prove very interesting to me."

She excused herself, and a few moments later returned with the list.

"Seven hundred and ten!" exclaimed the doctor, noting the number of the final listing. "I had no idea that there were so many, Julia."

"I was surprised myself. I made it out a week or so ago from a record I had kept. I—I, well, I had a sort of inspiration."

"Yes?"

"It came to me that my place would make an ideal bird sanctuary."

"An inspiration indeed, Julia!"

"I especially had in mind 'my babies,' as I love to call them—those whom I have helped care for during their first two or three weeks of existence. I thought that perhaps some, and possibly a good many of them would enjoy coming here occasionally to see them, enjoy it even as I have enjoyed seeing and feeding the birds."

"And indeed they would, Julia."

"I had it in mind to make a will, leaving my place to the town." She laughed a bit and added, "And also the mortgage."

"A wonderful memorial to both you, Julia, and your lamented husband," declared the doctor. "As for the mortgage, I don't believe that the Town of Westford will be seriously worried along that line."

Dr. Torrey presently went his way, but a short distance from the house, having made a turn in the road, he reined his horse and for a few moments listened to the songs and cries of numerous birds in the adjoining woodland. "Jove! That is a capital idea," he exclaimed at length. "Mm. While I am here I guess I will take a stroll over to where Henry is buried."

The doctor pulled in to the side of the road, and having tied his horse to a convenient tree, he made his way into the woods and on toward the pasture. He had not gone far when his keen ears took note of a somewhat distant crackling in

(Continued on page 49)

in' back over the years, I never knewed ye to fail, once ye'd made up your mind to take a hand, an' sompin tells me ye wont' fail now, if trouble comes."

It was about a week later that Lawyer Bushnell, Westford's sole legal light, met Dr. Torrey on the street in front of the general store and post-office. There was a troubled look in his eyes as he accosted the doctor. "I am not overburdened with cases, Doc," he said, "but this morning I turned one down flat. I didn't want to have anything to do with it."

"Yes?"

"Colonel Bowman dropped in to see



Preparing FOR A HAPPY OLD AGE

By

ELISABETH LOGAN DAVIS

"When he is forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die?"



ALTHOUGH the search for the font of youth is not an open adventure as it once was in the days of Ponce de Leon, old age has not accepted the inevitable. Our feminine elders are bobbing their hair, rouging their lips and smoking their cigarettes trying to hang on, at least, to the outward forms of youth. In contrast to this, our great grandmothers at fifty and sometimes earlier, donned their lace caps, a sign to their families and neigh-

bors that youth and middle age had passed and they had settled down to the inevitable. Probably, if we followed their example, in so far as accepting age as a fact and not attempting to build up what the psychologist calls a "defense mechanism," we would discover our "surprisingly beautiful land of flowers" which Ponce, after he was old and wrinkled, actually found while searching for the Perpetual Fountain of Youth.

Browning was right when he wrote, "The last of life, for which the first was made," but how few believe him! Does youth think, "The best is yet to be"? Is old age the peak or is it the anticlimax for which we have made no preparation? Pitkin's "Life Begins at Forty" has set our thoughts in the right direction.

As a minister's wife, I see old age in all of its pathos. My neighbor is a dreary soul whose children are now grown and married. Her only thought was of them, with never a sally into the world of ad-

venture around her. She, at sixty-five, although physically fit, is mentally unadjusted, self-centered, and self-pitying. Her narrow life, bounded by the four walls of her home, did not prepare her for old age.

Or, there is the case of the woman who on the death of her husband had to give up her spacious house and live with her daughter-in-law, her precious belongings confined to one room. "It's all life has left to me. I never dreamed I would come to this," she sighs. Her real unhappiness was caused by unwillingness to resign the running of the house to her daughter. If the milk bottles were placed on one side of the porch, she thought they should have been put on the other side. It is not with such pettiness and regrets that the poets depict old age. They sing of the "sunset of life," a thing of beauty causing exclamations of awe.

Another typical old age failure is the

they had not in youth put enough oil in their lamps for the emergencies that life brings to them. In vain they hold out their empty lamps.

These aged persons need not only social security but social adjustment. What makes their lives so pitiful is not poverty of purse but poverty of spirit. The Townsend plan, even if practical, would not ensure against old age maladjustments. Many find themselves after the prime of life with plenty to eat and plenty to wear and still unhappily adjusted. Gloom may come to rich and poor alike, and plague their lagging steps.

When this last stage of life swoops down, friends and families see these elderly persons either beautifully girded with robes of courage, wisdom, humility, and love; or swathed in garments of self-pity, childishness, and arrogance. These garments, either exquisitely lovely or horribly ugly, have irrevocably enwrapped them by the time their hair has grayed. If youth is wise, she will carefully prepare her garments so that when this inevitable age arrives she will be altogether lovely, as softly radiant as the sunset. "How can we prepare," asks youth, "so that we shall really be at our best as the years heap high around us? We do not want old age to be a horrifying experience when none will want us in their homes, not even our own sons and daughters."

Dean Gildersleeve, of Barnard College, gives this advice: "Every woman, whether she has much or little, should look forward, on leaving college, to some future work, whatever the family and home obligations. It may be medicine, collecting prints, playgrounds, or something else, but she should do something."

Adult education has been a ray of hope to many, heralding the news that we are never too old to learn. Recently, I joined a private art class. To my surprise the atelier was filled, not with young students but with gray-haired matrons. Most of us were from different communities but all had felt the creative urge. We may never paint masterpieces like Rosa Bonheur but we are learning how to grow old and like it. With grown children, some with grandchildren we are seizing the chance to follow the gleam which most of us had begun to follow in youth. Instead of spending these declining years sitting demure in our lace caps, as our grandmothers did, embroidering pretty flowers on fine linens or with deft fingers embellishing parlor pillows, we are dabbling in color combinations, constructing harmonious compositions, balancing light and shadows. For three hours three days a week we forget we are mothers, wives, telephone answerers, door-bell chasers, radio sponges. We are ageless for these creative hours. Time is no more wrestling our days from us with mournful stride. We are discovering that old age means a chance to do the things that we had al-

ways wanted to do and never had the leisure to do before.

On approaching her 108th birthday, one old lady gave her receipt for a long and happy life. "Work like the devil, do your scrubbin' and washin' and let the rest take care of itself and you'll live to a ripe old age."

Besides doing something and working like the devil, there are certain attitudes of mind we must cultivate. The old lady had it when she added, "let the rest take care of itself." That no worry attitude. We must be open to the possibility of unrestricted change: children grow up, stocks rise or fall, accidents happen, death separates, fire destroys, thieves break through and steal. Vicissitudes cannot be avoided. What can be avoided is the whine which so often accompanies them. An "old world" mother told me about her life—how in her young days her husband was killed, leaving her a widow with eight small children and one to be born. When I commented about what a success her life had been she added tersely, "I wasn't afraid to be in the world." This fearless acceptance of her calamity has brought her to an old age brimful of joys.

To fortify ourselves against old age failure, we must cultivate an aloneness. "Never be too dependent on anyone, not even your own husband"—so advised a mother to her recently married daughter.

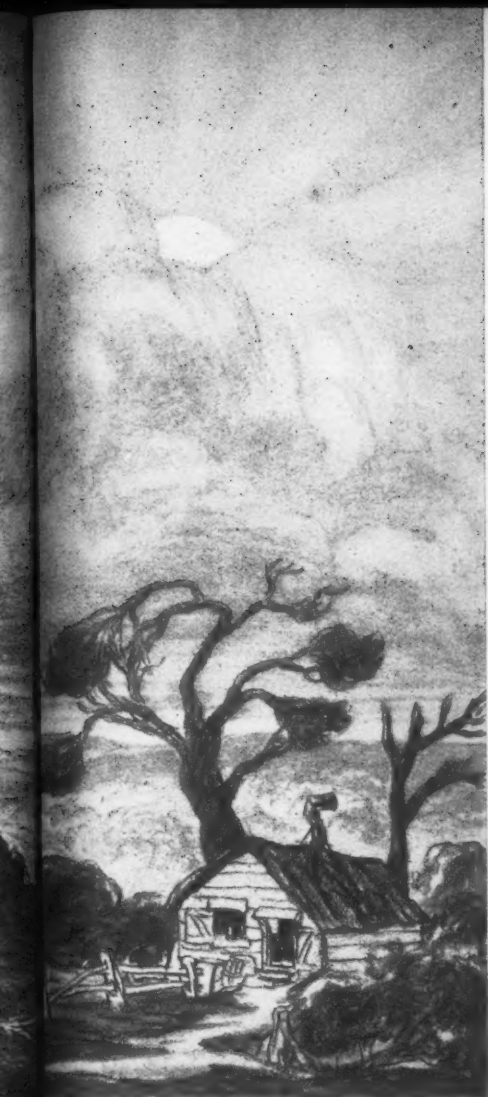
If we are to carry our existence to a happy ending, it is necessary to have a studious attitude toward the cycle of years. We must know the growth steps in the well defined divisions of the life cycle and climb from one to the other unhampered. Normal life naturally falls into four divisions: childhood, youth, parenthood, and old age. What makes for unhappiness is the carrying over into the oncoming division the trappings of the past. We advance, but the distinctive features of these age periods must be left behind.

When we pass from childhood, we do not carry over the trappings of dolls, fairy tales, and rocking horses into youth. Along with these childish things we put away our childish attitudes. The frivolities and flirtations of youth we discard if we are wise, when we enter parenthood. The home-centered maternal broodings we must not drag behind us into old age.

As we are sojourners and travelers, the less baggage we carry the easier the journey. The baggage of sentimentality, love of power, hoarding of possessions, fear of change, if toted into old age will hinder our freedom and happiness.

While I write this, there passes my door an extreme example of unadjusted old age—a forlorn and bent woman dragging a wagon of groceries to her deserted shack on the edge of town. When her circumstances began to change, she could not be persuaded to sell her rare plants and greenhouses because her de-

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wife so dependent on her mate, that after his death she becomes a useless and broken woman. With no one to lean upon, she is like a child without a parent. To the vicissitudes of old age she cannot make her adjustments. It is an anticlimax for which she has no preparation.

Frequently, we see the disillusionment that comes to mothers. To them their children are never grown. They insist on being in the state of motherhood to the end of their existence. Their feelings are continually hurt by the lack of attention from their sons and daughters. Such ardent mothers feel they must hang on to their prerogatives for fear they might become, as the Chinese express it, "an autumn fan."

These are not exceptional failures but typical ones. Modern life has tended to increase unhappiness in the elderly members of our families. Men also suffer from this old age delusion, but apparently not as much as women. When age comes, it finds them less handicapped. They have had throughout life a greater variety of contacts than most home women.

With a great deal of sympathy, we long to smooth out the wrinkles in the lives of these elderly persons. However,

"Sergeant York"

IF WARNER BROS. had been asked to produce a picture revealing the power of the Bible to remake a man, it is difficult to see how they could have improved on "Sergeant York." Most Christian Herald readers know the story of Alvin York—now they can see it come to life in the production which will be released throughout the country some time after Labor Day: The story is outlined in the scenes taken from the motion picture



1 Alvin York, (Gary Cooper) a poor irreligious Tennessee farm boy drank too much and too often



2 His saintly mother, (Margaret Wycherley) never ceased to pray for his conversion



4 One day while fox hunting, York met and fell in love with Gracie Williams (Joan Leslie) he forgot all about fox hunting that day



2 Nor did Pastor Pile, (Walter Brennan) ever give up



5 He immediately started to negotiate for a



6 But when by great effort he raises the money he finds the land has been sold to Zeb Andrews his rival for Gracie's hand



9 He so impresses his officers with his sincerity that they allow him a furlough to decide the question for himself



7 Before he can carry out his threat to kill Andrews, religion enters his life



10 He chooses to remain in the service of his country and achieves a war record of great distinction for which he is showered with honors and opportunities for wealth by a grateful nation





By Alexander
Stacey

I EXPECTED it. As a matter of fact, I expected it every night. So many people had been arrested that it was even strange that I still continued to live free. Several times my wife expressed her belief that the new government would not hurt me. "You are not a Monarchist, not an officer; you did not fight against the Bolsheviks."

"No, I did nothing against them, but you forget that I am not a proletarian."

"Don't you think that your position as secretary of the Soviet Court will protect you?"

"Perhaps. I don't know."

But I expected it. I knew that some night they would come after me. And they came. Just as they knocked at the door, I immediately awoke and knew that they were after me; but I asked, "Who is that?"

"Open the door: you are wanted by the Soviet."

Without dressing myself, I opened the door. They were two—Petrov, a sailor I knew, who had often talked with me in a rather friendly manner; the other, an entirely new man, a soldier, both, of course, with guns and grenades at their belts. Petrov said, "Dress yourself, and let us go."

My wife helped me. Though I was not afraid I felt my knees trembling.

We were living with our three children in one room of my former hotel which had been confiscated by the Soviet government, and only the smallest of one hundred and fifty rooms was allowed me for rent. The youngest son had awakened, but when his mother

covered him with a blanket and spoke to him he again fell asleep. I was glad that the other two had not heard anything. I kissed my wife "good-bye."

"God bless you," she managed to whisper trying without success to keep back her tears.

"Don't worry; everything will be all right." I said to her, although I knew that nothing would be wholly right ever again.

"Come on!" the soldier interrupted, and we left the room.

It was early in the morning, somewhere near four o'clock I estimated, for I had forgotten to take my watch. Only in the South do we have such spring mornings, when you feel that with each breath you inhale strength out of the air. The mountain-tops were hidden by thin clouds, but the sun would soon break through. I completely regained self-control and walked with my guards through the Central Boulevard lined with beautiful cypresses on both sides. I was accustomed to walk there every day, and never before had I been so impressed by their beauty. Stores were not yet open; the streets were deserted. Only my mind was active. First of all, I remembered a warning I had heard from a Communist—not to walk far ahead of the guard because there is always the temptation to shoot down a prisoner under pretense of an attempt at escape. I tried to guess what the immediate cause of my arrest could be. Watching the distance between my guards and myself I pretended to be indifferent to my

In the previous installments of this true narrative, Mr. Stacey has related how, at the time of the Bolshevik revolution in Russia, he owned and operated a large resort hotel in a city in Southern Russia. But, as a bourgeois, he was deprived of his hotel, his money, and everything he owned except his accordion and the clothes he was wearing. For a time he made a living playing his accordion on the street and acting in the theater. But later, to his surprise, he was appointed by the Bolsheviks as secretary of the People's Court in his city. The judges were ignorant peasants, and did, usually, whatever Stacey suggested. But one night he was arrested. Now continue:

It DID happen There

PART VII

CHESS WITH DEATH

arrest and now and then tried to engage Petrov in a conversation; but he replied abruptly with brief sentences. Several times they stopped, once at the poster of our theater. So did I. "Go on," commanded the soldier; but I said, "Look, this is my name on the program. Have you ever been in our theater? Come some time; you will like me on the stage. Comrade Petrov knows my accordion."

The soldier only looked at me, and by that look I knew that he thought I was a hopeless idiot; but we went on and without any incident arrived at the Sovdep, or the Soviet of the Workers, Peasants and Soldiers' Deputies, a large and gloomy building with broken window panes which could not be replaced, for there was no glass in the city. Before the Revolution it had been a City Hall. Through a dirty corridor I was led to a room, on whose door I saw a large copper plate, "Mayor," and a smaller one below, "No admittance." In spite of the early hour the building was alive and full of "comrades." I was left in the room with two armed civilians at the door. I sat down and tried to concentrate upon what I could say in my defense when called before the Soviet; but strange as it may seem, I could not. Instead I thought about the mayor who had disappeared on the day when the new government was established. Where was he? Was he dead? Had he escaped? Did he take his violin? He had been a good violinist. I tried to stop this round of questions, but new ones came in their place. What would my wife tell the

children? What would be their reaction? I could not force myself to think over my own situation, though I knew that every arrest under the new regime was a serious affair which could lead to death. When I remembered my mother, I was glad that she had died several months before. Then I thought about the theater performance the coming night. My work as an actor had provided me with additional income. Who would take my part if I were not released? Some hope still remained in my heart. "It is impossible," I thought. "I have done nothing against the government." And then suddenly I remem-

I had matches. Gladly I produced them and also offered cigarettes of Turkish tobacco. When they had smoked with evident enjoyment, one remarked, "I have not smoked such cigarettes, perhaps for three years."

"If you like them, take the whole package," I urged. "I have more at home."

"What a treasure! Thanks."

I thought that here was a chance to get some information, and trying to appear indifferent, I observed, "I think that it is not pleasant for you to get up so early."

"That's nothing. We are in the night shift and sleep in daytime."

I dared to continue, "Had a busy night?"

"No, this night was very quiet. You are the only one arrested."

It meant that Sadovsky had not been arrested, because he lived much nearer the Soviet than I, and in case of his arrest he should have already been here. Then what was the cause of my arrest, I wondered. Reviewing my life since the Revolution, in vain I tried to

find any event which would justify my arrest. The Soviet, as my guards told me, was already in session, and soon I found out that they had discussed my case in my absence. I hoped that Commissar of Justice, Petrogradsky, would be present at the meeting, because I remembered our first visit to him immediately after his arrival from Moscow. He had charmed us all at the reception of the judges and their secretaries; and I believed in his sincerity when he promised to us his cooperation in our work and protection in case of trouble. Now I needed his protection. Would he keep his word? As far as we could judge, he had proved to be a decent man, contrary to our conception of the Communist. If only I could guess what accusation had been brought against me! That uncertainty was painful. I was looking through the window into the street where life had already begun, when I heard behind me a familiar voice, "You stay in the corridor, and shut the door." It was Petrogradsky. The guards obeyed him.

"That is the meeting of the Administrative Department," he began, "but I immediately came when your wife informed me of your arrest. I do not know what I can do for you. As a matter of fact, I am not familiar with your

previous life, upon which the accusation is based."

"Can you tell me what the accusation is?"

"Certainly. I told them that I should talk with you as my subordinate before they call you." He continued, "The accusation is a political one, your membership in the Monarchist Party."

"I never belonged to any party. Moreover, the Monarchists reported me as a radical when I introduced an eight-hour working day in my business. I think that you can find my case in the archives of the Gendarmes."

"There is a witness who testifies that you held meetings of the Monarchists in your hotel immediately after the Revolution."

"That is a lie. I am sure that my employees will testify for me."

"The witness is one of your employees, Alexis Konov."

"Now I understand all. President Andreev should know him well."

"I have noticed that Andreev and Secretary Panchenko do not trust him."

"I hope not. Do you have time to listen to me?"

"Certainly. They are discussing other business; take your time."

"First of all, I want you to believe me that I am not a Monarchist and never was. If you help me, I can prove this fact."

"I believe you, and I will do all within my power. Can you name counter-witnesses? This Konov is a hard man to struggle against."

"He hates me, although I cannot understand his reasons. As for witnesses, I am sure that you can find honest people among my former employees. One of them is the bookkeeper of the hotel. But listen to my story." I told him how Konov, my former assistant manager, on the night of the confiscation of my hotel business had unsuccessfully tried to get possession of my accordion, how he had engineered a charge of poisoning the horse I had formerly owned, and after failing in this accusation he had sworn that he would get me sooner or later. In conclusion I asked only one thing, an impartial investigation.

"I will investigate the case myself," he promised, "unless Volgin, the president of the Administrative Department, protests. He is a new man here, and I do not know him well."

Petrogradsky left the room, and soon I was called before the Soviet. The Administrative Department consisted of five members, including Volgin and Andreev, the president of the Soviet, *ex-officio*. They all were present. I saw also Panchenko, who did not belong to the Department, but, as the secretary of the Soviet, probably had been called for giving some information because he was in fact a "walking encyclopedia" on all decrees and instructions from Moscow. A young woman over thirty, bobbed-haired and dressed in a leather jacket



bered the case of my three friends tried in our court. After a birthday party, on the way home they had a quarrel with a passerby and had been arrested. Being intoxicated, they had denounced the new regime, an act which constituted a charge of counter-revolution. Judge Sadovsky and I, however, had construed the case as a misdemeanor (breach of the peace) and thus saved my friends from a long-term imprisonment, or perhaps death. To be sure, we had taken all precautions, and formally no accusation against us could have been raised; but at that time the Soviet did not pay much attention to formalities and was supposed to be guided by "revolutionary conscience," which could cover any decision. I was a Soviet official and knew that I could not expect any mercy; nevertheless one thing seemed strange. I was alone in the room. Certainly Sadovsky and my three friends should have been with me, but perhaps they were on the way to the Soviet or were in some other room. I was sure that our carefully arranged scheme had been discovered, and that now I had to pay for my disloyalty to the new regime. Of course, I determined to make no confession, because I knew that neither my friends nor Sadovsky would involve me.

One of the guards asked me whether

was also present. As I found out later, she was Volgin's sister, who had come to organize the Department of Social Security. All were sitting at a large table covered with a worn out table cloth. Volgin, a nervous and sickly man about twenty-five years of age, was presiding, and Konov was sitting in a chair in front of the table. After my talk with Petrogradsky I felt comparatively quiet; without him there would probably have been no hope for me.

Petrogradsky took the floor and told that after questioning me he was convinced that it was necessary to investigate the accusation. In view of the fact that I was his subordinate, he insisted upon having the case turned over to him for investigation. As I expected, Konov interfered, "Comrade Volgin, what investigation is necessary? I know that he is a Monarchist; I saw him at their meetings."

"But he denies this," Petrogradsky objected.

"Certainly he would deny it. Do you think that the testimony of a *bourgeois* is more trustworthy than that of a proletarian? I testify against him."

Panchenko turned to Volgin. "I rather agree with Comrade Petrogradsky. You are a new man, but you should know that Konov once testified against the same accused and made us a laughing stock in the city. Do you remember, Comrade Konov, that horse, which you testified, had been poisoned by the accused, and recall that an autopsy proved that there was no poison in the horse?"

Volgin remarked that he did not want to know anything about the horse, and that all *bourgeois* were either Monarchists or sympathizers. "I do not see any reason to reject the testimony of a member of the Party."

"Everyone can be mistaken; an investigation cannot hurt," Petrogradsky refuted. The discussion began. They spoke in a low voice, but I could catch some words and even sentences.

One sentence by Volgin especially did not promise anything good for me. "What is the difference, one *bourgeois* more, one *bourgeois* fewer?" Meanwhile I noticed that the woman was looking at me searchingly. Several times our eyes met, but I could not understand her curiosity over a man she had never seen before. Konov, who was sitting near the table, could hear the discussion, and his triumphant face indicated that the chances for investigation were slight. Tired from my attempts to grasp the trend of the conference, I took a few steps backward and leaned

against the wall. I could not say how long they discussed the question. To me the time seemed interminable. The first loud words I heard were those of Volgin, "All right, let her question him."

"Which one?" I thought, and as all looked at me it was clear that they were speaking of me.

"Do you know me?" the woman asked. "No, I see you the first time in my life."

"Where did you live seven years ago?"

"In 1911? In Moscow, of course."

"Arbat Street?"

"Yes, in my own house."

The Power and the Glory

Yours is the power, Lord, your mind conceived
Motion in flame to ride the buoyant air;
You shaped a million clogged stars, and you heaved
Them into space and set them whirling there.
You flung the golden turbinéd moon and sun
From some high glittering height and watched them make
Their smooth grooves, and you bade the planets run
On unseen axles for our safety's sake.

Yours is the glory, Lord, and yours the hand
That struck the flint of life to sudden flame
That burns undimmed upon the sea and land:
A splendor there—you called it by its name:
The Way, the Truth, the Light, that men from birth
May take their safe way out across the earth.

—Grace Noll Crowell

"Was your office on the second floor?"

"You are right."

"I thought so. He is the man."

It developed that in 1911 she had been expelled from the "Women's Courses" for belonging to a revolutionary group, and had been ordered to leave Russia. She had no money, and one of my friends had asked me to help her. At that time many liberal Russians of wealth considered it fashionable to help all those persecuted by the government. Morozov, a multimillionaire, generously subsidized whole revolutionary groups. Of course, the police did not know anything, or were unable to catch such liberals; moreover, we did not expect that the Revolution would pay its debts to us by the confiscation of our wealth. I was not enthusiastic about the Revolution, but for the sake of vanity liked to be counted in the liberal camp. That girl student, now Comrade Rosenberg, had come to see me several times. I had arranged her trip to Switzerland furnishing also some money for her studies in Lausanne. Such was the story she told

the Soviet; as for me, I could not remember her at all, because she had been one of many I had helped, and I had forgotten them all.

The good memory of Comrade Rosenberg was proving of great help. At least Petrogradsky was authorized to make a complete investigation concerning my political affiliations. I was released under condition that I should report every Monday to the Soviet.

Although I was under arrest for only ten hours, the strain I had experienced, shook my nervous system, and I returned home a different man with all the symptoms of mania of persecution. In the daytime I forced myself to my secretarial duties, although I felt absolutely tired. I left the theater entirely. I always wanted to sleep; but when night came, I could not close my eyes. After dark a tense uneasiness overcame me; every rustle, every noise made me tremble, and I was listening to determine whether someone from the Soviet was after me. After two sleepless nights at home I stayed several nights with some of my friends and at least got two or three hours of rest, although I perfectly realized that there was no home safe enough against night visitors with guns and revolvers and with those cold terrorizing words, "You are wanted by the Soviet."

One day after the session of the court was over, I felt so tired that Sadovsky told me to lie down on the sofa in the office, and I did so and slept until the next morning, to the great distress of my wife, who was convinced that I had been arrested again. I rose early and before the court session, had time enough to go home in order to reassure my wife. Since that day I left one window in the office unlocked, and every night I slipped from the back courtyard through the window to the sofa in order that I might leave early in the morning. Even our janitor did not know that I spent my nights in the office. Of course, I know that nothing could prevent my arrest, if the Soviet wanted it; but it was the waiting for the arrest that I could not stand. I was sure that it would never occur to anybody to look for me in the court.

Meanwhile Petrogradsky, who had evidence that the accusation raised by Konov would not be sustained, did not hurry with the investigation. In fact it had not been completed when I was arrested again; and this time no one had power to save me. Only two hours before my execution salvation came from a side where I could least expect it.

(To be continued)



A counselor telling a story at bedtime

What I Saw and What I Missed AT MONT LAWN

By Hermann Hagedorn

ONE hot July afternoon I visited Mont Lawn. I shall not forget the generous shade of grandmotherly maple trees, the soft turf of close-cropped lawns, the flash and the breadth of the serene old Hudson, moving, golden gray, to the sea. Nor the oldtime spaciousness of the superintendent's house, the high ceilings, the white marble mantelpieces. Nor the gracious welcome I got there.

But what I most vividly remember are the faces of the counselors, the young men and young women who were shepherding their flocks of gamboling lambs on these green acres. Those faces were mature yet unsophisticated, clean as sunlight, responsible, and yet aglow with fun and with friendliness for these happy little refugees from the heat and confusion of the metropolis. One felt that behind these faces were spirits which could actually do what seemed impossible—within a two-week period say something to the hearts and minds of these urchins which would stay by them and make their lives different from what they would have been if they had not come to Mont Lawn. I remember in one young woman a quality of contagious gaiety that bubbled out of what I knew were deep springs of gravity and devotion; I remember in another a solicitous tenderness for her charges in which self seemed wholly lost. And the way the “camp

parson” batted out home runs in a game of softball, and the camp doctor strode off with a little girl with a barked elbow or a little boy with a bruised shin, said something, I am sure, to two hundred boys and girls about the possibilities of human fellowship in a tough world. The boys and girls may not know what those things said, but vistas will have opened.

The boys and girls received me as a not unwelcome curiosity from the unaccountable world of grownups. A young lady of ten, named Betty, did her best to teach me to hem a handkerchief. Another young lady, named Lena, did what she could to make an elderly, clumsy male see how easy it is to weave grass into a basket. I'm afraid I was too conscious of the soft grass on which I sat and of the apple tree that arched its branches between me and the sun to be a receptive pupil. But I did learn things that these serious young hemmers and weavers did not know they were teaching—above all, how enchanting any nine-year-olds are, whether they be male or female, grave or sprightly, Park Avenue or Ellery Street. I am not sure that for unabashed and unadulterated charm, Ellery Street hasn't got it on Park Avenue.

In the handicraft shop the girls were making necklaces of macaroni bits. The idea was new to me as it seemed to be

to the little girl who was painting her necklace and all ten fingers a soft jade green. I hope that paint comes off fingers easier at Mont Lawn than elsewhere.

In the Playhouse I found Little Red Riding Hood, Grandmother and the Wolf and as many as six Woodchoppers rehearsing for the opportunity to present the immortal story to the camp that night. I liked the trees that forgot they were trees and laughed, and were most like trees then, after all. In the pool I saw what looked like at least a thousand legs interwoven with one another against the bright blue tank bottom. In the library I saw earnest faces bending over postal cards to contributors telling them how glad they were that kind friends made it possible for them to be at Mont Lawn.

From the railing of the shelter that houses a drinking fountain, (which I picked as an excellent vantage point for a hot afternoon) I watched seventeen dripping boys and one student-parson throw and catch and bat in a manner that suggested that the major leagues will have large resources to draw from in another ten years. As the afternoon light mellowed, the girls came rushing in from weaving or “nature” or dramatics to the drinking fountain and given each her ten counts while she bent over the cooling jet. Two young ladies stood over me and gave me the count, but very slowly and generously, apparently recognizing that a grownup takes longer to fill up than a little girl.

And then my visit to Mont Lawn was over. Gratefully I remember the sparkling ginger ale in the superintendent's house. But more refreshing still were the long files of boys and girls coming with their counselors through the archway, as the car dipped down to the highway. They were grinning at me as though I were really a member of the family, when I was nothing except a writer-man, wanting to see and to tell others what I had seen.

And now I am doing it. And I am conscious as I try to do it that I have seen only a part of what is there to be seen and reported. I wish I might have been at Fort Plenty for a meal and in the Chapel for a service. I should like to go out with the nature group and catch turtles and butterflies and grasshoppers. I should like to go on one of the camp hikes when there are hot dogs and fig cookies and lollipops and plums, and games and singing and a walk home, perhaps, in the moonlight. I should like to take part in an Indian Council and wear “long pants with a painted breechcloth”—such as Albert Escort told about in the “Camp Trailer”—and paint my face with red, blue and yellow stripes, and do a Discovery Dance. I should like to say my prayers some night with twenty little boys, kneeling beside their beds, (the only beds of their own that most of them have ever had). I have an idea that their prayers (*Continued on page 52*)



DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

SEPTEMBER, 1941

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

THE CHRISTIAN'S VIEW OF LABOR DAY
 "TO THE LORD AND NOT UNTO MEN."
 READ COLOSSIANS 3:16-25.

THAT gifted soul, Henry Van Dyke, gives us these thoughts about daily toil. "Every mason in the quarry, every builder on the shore, every woodman in the forest, every boatman at the oar; hewing wood and drawing water, splitting stones and clearing sod, all the dusty ranks of labor, in the regiment of God, march together toward His temple, do the tasks His hands prepare; honest toil in holy service, faithful work in praise and prayer." With such a high concept, the daily routine will glow with spiritual meaning.

Inspired by Thy love, O Christ, move us that we may witness to Thy sovereign power in our lives. Amen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

A VITAL QUESTION
 "WHOM SAY YE THAT I AM?"
 READ MATTHEW 16:13-28.

THE Life of Emile Zola," as portrayed by Paul Muni, showed a courtroom. The judge had ruled that the Dreyfus case was closed, and no new testimony could be heard. Pointing to a picture of Christ on the cross, which hung behind the judge's chair, Zola's counsel exclaims, "That, too, was once regarded as a closed case." The cross was followed by the resurrection, death by life, defeat by victory. Christ still presses His claims on mankind. How does He stand with us?

Thou dost merit pre-eminence in our lives. Help us to give Thee Thy rightful place in all things. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

RESURRECTION
 "THERE IS A SPIRITUAL BODY."
 READ I CORINTHIANS 15:39-53.

ONE of the most beautiful insects is the dragon-fly. With its iridescent wings, its graceful flight, who has not

been charmed by it in summer days? Yet it was once a grub, lying in a pond. Then came the change. It emerged from its lower form of life. It found itself endowed with powers which were entirely new, and with a beauty which before it could not boast. So shall it be with the Christian. "There is no death, what seems so is transition," sings Longfellow. And with the assured hope of immortality, what manner of life should ours be!

For the hope laid up for us in Thy heart, for the glorious promise of life yet to be, we praise Thy name, O Christ. Amen.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

THE KING OF KINGS
 "AT THE NAME OF JESUS EVERY KNEE SHALL BOW."
 READ PHILIPPIANS 2:5-12.

IN BRITAIN, when the "Hallelujah Chorus" is played, the whole audience rises and remains standing. On one occasion, the young Queen Victoria was present at the rendering of Handel's great work. As the concluding chorus was reached, the people rose, but in accordance with court etiquette, the queen remained seated. But as the magnificent chords rang out, "King of kings and Lord of lords," she quietly rose to her feet, and bowed her head in homage to the Supreme. Let us honor that holy name. But let us also remember with exultant hope that He shall yet reign.

For the glorious hope of Thy day of triumph, O Saviour, we bless Thee. Help us to hasten Thy hour of sovereignty. By Thy grace, Amen.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5

A STATUE OR A SOUL?
 "WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?"
 READ JAMES 4:10-17.

WHICH do you wish to leave behind you—a statue or the memory of a noble soul? Edgar A. Guest says, "There stood a statue in a park, the life of one, long dead, to mark. Upon his head the

snow was thick; a boy had struck him with a brick. And, up and down, his rugged form showed wear and tear of many a storm. Wind-blown and dirty was his face, yet day and night he kept his place." We would rather shape a soul upon the model of the Master, and live on in some other life as one who had been kind, good and true.

Help us each day, O Saviour, to develop our life in conformity to Thine, that we may bestow blessing as we live. Through Thy grace, Amen.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6

CONTENT WITH THE SECOND BEST
 "HOLD THAT FAST WHICH THOU HAST."
 READ REVELATION 3:7-13.

A COLORED boy, having landed a big trout, put a string through its gills, and laid it in the stream. Then he went on fishing. A local wit secretly replaced the trout with a small one he had caught. When the boy came back, he mused, "This am the place, this am the string, and I reckon this am the fish, but it am swinked up awful." The world takes away our enthusiasm and gives us mild interest; it robs us of conviction, and gives us so-called broad-mindedness, it robs us of loyalty to Christ, and calls it discretion. So the zealous Christian becomes a nonentity.

Fill us with loyal love to Thee, O Saviour, then shall we ever be vigilant and true to Thee. Through Thy help, Amen.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

OUR BATTLECRY
 "ACCORDING TO YOUR FAITH BE IT."
 READ MATTHEW 9:27-35.

WILLIAM CAREY, the daring pioneer of foreign missions, once preached a sermon with two headings. These afterwards became his slogan. They might well be our battlecry in these troublous days. What was it? "Attempt great things for God. Expect great things from God." When we have faith enough to believe that God's promises are meant to be taken at their

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

face value, when we believe thoroughly in the efficacy of the Gospel, when we honor Christ with all our hearts, then this shall be not only the cry with which we fight, but also the guarantee of God's blessing upon our work.

Give us new faith in Thee, O Father, that we may be inspired to strive for the best and give Thee our best. Through Christ, Amen.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8

CHEER FOR THE LIVING
"YOUR HEART SHALL REJOICE."
READ JOHN 16:22-28.

THE famous pianist, Gottschalk, on one of his tours, heard of a girl who had been looking forward to his visit. She had, however, been stricken with a serious illness, and her deepest regret was that she could not hear him. The man's heart was as great as his genius. He went to her apartment, and there, hour after hour, he played just for her. While he was playing, she died. What comfort and cheer he had brought to that dying girl. But what radiant gladness can we bring to the living, struggling souls on life's way.

Because Thou hast given us so much in Christ Jesus, help us, O God, to radiate cheer and happiness. Amen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9

THE FIVE AND TEN
"I HAVE GAINED FIVE TALENTS MORE."
READ MATTHEW 25:14-29.

HOW many talents have you? Leonardo Da Vinci had more than most of us. He was a painter and sculptor, a mathematician and a musician, an engineer and an inventor. He drew plans of possibly the first airplane, writing underneath, "There shall be wings." Yet our Lord taught that it was not so much how many talents a man had, but what use he made of them. The man with five ended up with ten. The man with one, with—contempt. Try today to use your powers to the utmost. Resolve to render some Christlike service which you have previously thought beyond you. Use or lose.

Because Thou hast done so much for us, given so much to us, help us, dear Lord, to render our best in return. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

PARDON IMPOSSIBLE?
"CHRIST DIED."
READ ROMANS 5:1-11.

THE late Czaritz entering her husband's room, noticed on his desk a document referring to a political prisoner.

It was an appeal for clemency. The Czar had written, "Pardon impossible; to be sent to Siberia." Perhaps unforgivable, yet knowing something of the case, she took up the pen, and altered the place of the semi-colon. The imperial direction then read, "Pardon; impossible to be sent to Siberia." Think of this: When we were yet enemies, Christ died for us. What should our love be?

For Thy great compassion, O Father, help us to be ever grateful. Amen.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

MAKING THE BEST OF ONESELF
"DO ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD."
READ I CORINTHIANS 10:24-33.

IT IS an old way of putting it, but it is convincing. "If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill, be a scrub in the valley—but be the best little scrub on the side of the hill. Be a bush if you can't be a tree. We can't all be captains; some have to be crew. There's something for all of us here. There's big work to do, and there's lesser to do, and the task we must do is the near."

Inspire us with a longing to live to Thy glory. For Thy name's sake. Amen.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

THE EXCLUSIVE FAITH
"THE TWELVE GATES."
READ REVELATION 21:21-27.

THE ancient city of Troy had only one gate. If one approached from the wrong direction, he must travel around until he came to it. The city which John saw had twelve gates. That suggests that, differing as we do in temperament and personality, and yet with the need of a Saviour, we may reach Him from the particular angle of our own life. Yet every path leads by His cross, where the soul must bow in contrition. And from that cross there is only one way—the way that leadeth unto Him. Start where you are and seek Him today.

Draw us ever nearer to Thy pierced side, O Jesus, for without Thee all gain is loss and all life vain. Amen.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13

INTO THE LIGHT
"WHEN THOU PASSEST THROUGH THE WATERS."
READ ISAIAH 43:1-11.

A SWISS hunter, traversing the Alps, fell down a crevasse. He found a stream running swiftly through at the foot,

and as he would freeze to death if he remained, he took courage and plunged into the waters. Through the darkness, buffeted until he was almost breathless, suddenly, darkness gave way to bright sunshine. He had been borne out to the vale of Chamonix, and his life was saved. God sometimes calls us to pass through dark and bewildering experiences. Yet if we believe, he will bring forth the soul to richer happiness and blessing which otherwise it could not enjoy.

That nothing can separate the trusting soul from Thee, O Lord, we bless Thy name. Give us a stronger faith. Through Thy help, Amen.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

THE HAND ON THE STRINGS
"MIGHTY WORKS ARE WROUGHT BY HIS HANDS."
READ MARK 6:1-6.

AN OLD street musician was vainly trying to play his violin. His fingers were stiff with cold and age. A stranger said, "Lend me your violin. Let me play awhile while you rest." The stranger began to play. A crowd gathered. They dropped their coins in the old man's hat. Then the stranger gave back the instrument and went his way. "Who was that?" they asked the musician. "Who? Why, that was the celebrated Bucher. I recognized him." And when Christ takes us in hand we are afraid that He will take the gladness out of life?

O mighty Master, bring forth the latent music from our souls. Give us power to glorify Thee by the harmony of our lives with Thine. Amen.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 15

IT IS THE MOTIVE THAT MATTERS
"YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."
READ MATTHEW 25:31-40.

HOW is the work going? Does it mean drudgery or delight? That depends on the motive. "I never did a day's work in my life," joked Edison. "It has all been just play." "Work is the greatest game I know," says Selfridge, London's merchant prince. "The struggle has brought me experiences and left me recollections I would not exchange for the wealth of the Indies," testified one who had given his life to medical research. So it is the motive that matters! Do your work today as unto Christ. Face its duties for His sake. Strive and serve to His glory.

Impelled by grateful love to Thee, O Jesus, may we be constrained never to do less than our best. Amen.

(Continued on page 55)

Notes



From a Cooking School Diary

By

HELEN EVELYN JONES



July

To the office this morning to check with Olive Eglin on the cooking schools for fall. She has booked ten classes, the first for September 15 in Massachusetts. I marvel at the clock-work precision with which she manages this work. A request comes in for cooking school information and immediately a letter is off giving available dates for the territory and an outline and plan of operation, explaining the Christian Herald cooking School in detail. Olive sends a blank along with this to be filled in by the organization interested in sponsoring the school. This must be returned so we can know what to print on the tickets and posters and where to have the manufacturers send the materials for refreshments, demonstration, and prizes. Tickets are sent to the committee early, of course, to allow time for sales. The women of the church set their own price, twenty-five cents usually. Olive keeps in constant touch with the committee in charge and gives advice when it is asked, and "the ladies" ask plenty. I must remember to tell Olive they all think she's a "swell guy."

July

My head's in a whirl. Planning these *Christian Herald* cooking school programs for the fall. Three days now I've spent in the shining white experimental kitchen of a banana company learning banana



A cooking class. I am the fifth from the left in this picture



At twenty-five cents a ticket, the supper netted seventy-five dollars for the church

dishes. Dozens of dishes can be made of this versatile fruit. There are plain broiled bananas, intriguing in flavor, these to serve hot as a vegetable. There are banana fritters, a vegetable if you like or a dessert if you please. There is a main luncheon dish—a ham banana roll that's a marvel served under a cheese sauce. But banana salads are nice and I'd love to show my classes how to make the new banana breads, and banana cakes, and banana cookies, and banana pies, and banana puddings. There are rich nourishing banana drinks for grown-ups and children, cool and refreshing on a hot summer day, and lastly, all kinds of banana sandwiches.

That reminds me! Mother Phil's three boys used to eat banana sandwiches twenty-five years ago. We girls thought they were crazy. They would get up at an unearthly hour Sunday mornings, and make themselves thick sandwiches of bread and butter, brown sugar and bananas, hike four miles to a dairy farm; drink quantities of milk, eat their sandwiches and be back home for breakfast. No boys nowadays would do that.

August

Today I made "Jiffy Rolls" with a new granular yeast. When I was in Chicago, Hanna Wessling, home economics director for the company fathering this new product, suggested the recipe for demonstration. The rolls are delicious and can be made quick as a wink. They're just the sort of thing I want to tell my audiences about, now that flour has been enriched with the B-Vitamines and iron.

With hot buttered rolls, I'll serve a jellied cabbage and banana salad, cake, and coffee, or perhaps tea; this will make a refreshment plate typical of the ones church women should be serving at their afternoon gatherings.

September

The fall season has opened. My first cooking school is over. How I worried about that class, the first after a long vacation. It wasn't a bit necessary. My car didn't break down. I arrived at the Lutheran Church on the dot of nine-thirty. The committee met me. Every single express and parcel post package

was in the church kitchen; gelatine, coffee, shortening, flavorings, baking powder, jar caps, and jelly glasses and flavoring. The refrigerator and range were installed on the platform ready to go. The women and a friendly janitor helped me unpack. Out of my car came the electric mixer, my kit of pots, pans and gadgets, and the groceries I'd brought along—flour, eggs, milk, cream, salt, and all the canned goods. Into the kitchen went everything and everyone, and immediately to work. They were a great bunch, jolly and efficient. Two started right away arranging the programs, cook books, and other leaflets. One started the rolls, three others the vegetables for the salad, and I proceeded with the cakes.

things I wanted. The chairlady drove four miles to the nearest town. The kitchen was small and most of us were, to say the least, plump. There was no sink and no water. But everyone in the neighborhood cooperated. Some of the husbands brought great milk cans of hot and cold water and helped to do the heavy lifting. It was sort of a family affair. We managed to prepare for one hundred and forty-two. Fortunately the electric light company had installed the refrigerator and also an extra range. It was one of the best schools I've had, although it started badly. I lost my way, so I was late, which didn't help matters. I had to drive over one hundred and fifty miles this morning and the

He dashed to the post office for missing supplies. He scoured the town for celery, peppers and the special vinegar. When the salad was mixed he taxied one of the committee around until she found women to chill it in their home refrigerators. One of the women baked the rolls in the parsonage range and I used the church oven for the cakes.

In the meantime, we tried to locate the refrigerator and range without results. All we could learn was that it was on its way and would arrive any minute. It didn't come and didn't come, and we got more and more worried.

In spite of everything, we were ready on time, a little flustered and more tired



I carry many different kinds of foods to my cooking schools

The refrigerator was cold so the salad set quickly. We had plenty of good ovens. Long before the audience arrived, everything was ready. A good turnout—one hundred and eight. At twenty-five cents a ticket, that meant twenty-seven dollars clear profit to the church. A cookie and cake sale, held after the lecture, paid the five dollars fee the Christian Herald charges for each class and added another four dollars to the total proceeds. The audience had a good time—they learned a lot, so they assured me, and they liked the eats and prizes. The committee said it was the easiest way to earn money they'd ever tried. Hope all my classes are as successful.

January

I learned a lesson today. I shall always send my grocery list to the chairman of the committee so she can order ahead and have the supplies delivered to the church. Then there'll be no delay in getting to work. Arrived at two o'clock this afternoon with the class scheduled for 7:30. The little Baptist Church is located in a country community and nearby stores didn't have half the

roads were slippery.

The school cleared over forty-five dollars. A food sale more than paid the five dollars fee.

May

Today was one of those days when things pile up. A day I wasn't prepared for, since working in Illinois. Churches here have been so well equipped and everything has arrived on time. Today was different. The baking powder and gelatine didn't get here. Then the grocer didn't bring the order. He had no celery and green peppers and was waiting for his vegetable man. He didn't have the right vinegar. Worst of all, there was no sign of electric refrigerator and range. It was a warm day and there was only one usable oven in the church kitchen.

I pretended to be calm and collected, but I was frantic inside. We had all that jellied salad to set before two-thirty, five cakes to bake and muffins to bake for 120 guests.

The minister, bless him, left work on his sermon and turned errand boy.

than usual, but the salad was firm, the cakes iced, and the muffins buttered and ready to pop in the oven to warm before serving. Just as I started my lecture, two grimy truckmen popped their heads in the door demanding "Is this the Presbyterian Church? We've got a range and refrigerator for you." It was funny to see their expressions when they saw the room full of women. They got the apparatus to the platform 'double quick', started the refrigerator and sneaked out. I went on with the Fluffy Cottage Pudding I was demonstrating. Since I didn't have the range on the platform connected, I had to bake it "long distance" in the kitchen, but it turned out beautifully. The women were all astonished at its lovely fluffy texture. It's very inexpensive, too without a single egg. Of course it's intended to be served hot with a sauce, but the chairman, Mrs. Johnson, said she'd use it as a cake with a nice frosting. With four boys, a cake doesn't last long and she has to be economical. It would make a nice strawberry short cake too. I believe I'd better keep a record in my diary of the recipes my women like best, and this is a good one to begin with.

(Continued on page 46)

MOTION PICTURE

Commentator

By HOWARD RUSHMORE

CONTRARY to the view held by the ostrich-like isolationists that England holds herself, like Caesar's wife "above reproach," the opposite is the moral of a stirring movie "The Stars Look Down" which has come to this country from the British Isles. In one of the year's most grimly dramatic films, the British reveal themselves as a nation beset with labor troubles, hardships, poverty. And determination.

This latter quality, which is so aptly demonstrated throughout the picture, has been one obstacle Hitler so far has been unable to overcome. The Fenwick family of the English coal mines are a typical lot: born in the ash-gray dust around the "workings," hardened with toil, bitter at injustice and stubborn to the end. David, a student who wants to use his education to better the miners' conditions; his father, Robert, who dies in a mine crash, still fighting for his co-workers and Mrs. Fenwick are the kind of people who are the backbone of England's fight against Nazism today.

They are also the victims of injustice at home. Robert Fenwick leads a strike against the selfish employer who refuses to shut down a dangerous section of the mine. Hunger finally forces the miners to go back to work after their own union has deserted their cause. David goes away to school "to use my education for my kind" and there meets a girl whom he marries. But Jennie Sunley forces him to leave college and teach school after she is jilted by Joe Gowland, a former miner whose lust for money turns him against his former friends. Joe arranges a contract which forces the miners to continue to work in the dangerous section of the "diggings."

The inevitable cave-in comes. David's father and his brother are trapped and doomed. Too late the employer tries to save them and dies in the attempt; too late David realizes that an unfaithful wife has led him to desert his people. The picture ends on the tragic note, with David, eyes forward, looking to victory after defeat.

It is a rather morbid story, but a tremendously absorbing one. The excellent acting of Michael Redgrave, Margaret Lockwood and Emlyn Williams add to the greatness of "The Stars Look Down." To see it is to witness the courage and heart of a noble people.

America's radio favorite, Jack Benny, is as funny on the screen as over the air. In "Charley's Aunt" he dons women's clothes to masquerade as a rich old lady who must provide chaperonage for two about-to-be-married young ladies. During the process he almost becomes engaged to a fortune-hunter, has trouble

with his wardrobe and all in all gives the audience some of the heartiest laughs of the cinema season. A delightful adult farce.

Aside from Benny, Kay Francis, James Ellison, Arleen Whalen and Richard Haydn are starred in the leading roles. A 20th Century-Fox picture.

Sonja Henie, the skating star, is featured in a light comedy part for the first time in "Sun Valley Serenade," an entertaining musical film. Built around the story of a dance band pianist who falls in love with a Norwegian refugee, the movie displays Miss Henie as a first-rate comedienne as well as skater. With John Payne, Glenn Miller and Milton Berle. A 20th Century-Fox picture.

With the monotonous regularity of income taxes, Hollywood produces another screen version of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The current MGM offering, however, is an improvement on other films built around the two-sided character who could change at will from man to half-beast. In this version, a scientific error and not lust on the part of Dr. Jekyll is held responsible for his harrowing adventures, during which pretty Ingrid Bergman is his terrified prisoner. The picture is well made and splendidly acted, but it is still a "horror" film with dubious value as family entertainment.

Although a star-studded cast works hard to make "Lady Be Good" an entertaining musical, we found it dull and lifeless. Something about a husband-wife song writing team and a host of marital difficulties. With Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Robert Young and Lionel Barrymore. An MGM picture.

Bette Davis, heroine of many a tragic role, is a gay and quite refreshing young comedienne in Warners' "The Bride Came C.O.D." Adults will find her pleasing in this role of a rich man's daughter who "roughs it" with James Cagney. Slapstick comedy with plenty of laughs in it.

A dull combination of New England folklore and a "crime doesn't pay" theme is the net result of "Here Is a Man," a movie based on Stephen Vincent Benet's famous short story "The Devil and Daniel Webster." The film, had it carried conviction with its preachments, would have been satisfying, but RKO has produced only a mixture of realism and mysticism.

If for no other reason, we applaud the movie "The Parson of Panamint" because it is one of those rare films which shows a Protestant minister in an inspira-

tional light. Based on the novel by Peter B. Kyne, the picturization is sometimes melodramatic and at times a bit forced, but Rev. Philip Pharo is shown as a minister who brought brotherly love to a rough mining camp.

The story deals with the efforts of the Rev. Pharo to persuade an unruly bunch of Western miners to leave the saloons on Sunday and come to his church. When he does win them over, a few elders of the church (one of whom owns the town's gold mine) object to the new Christians and ultimately succeed in forcing the minister from the pulpit. Although the movie ends on rather a negative note, we thought, it is still a notable advance in a field altogether too much neglected by Hollywood.

The cast includes Charlie Ruggles, Phillip Terry, Ellen Drew and Joseph Schildkraut. A 20th Century-Fox picture.

The Country Preacher Says:

HERE the Preacher is, away out in Minnesota again, on his way to Iowa to talk to a conference. It is warm out here. The official reading has been 101 for nearly a week. I suppose the folks back home think it is wonderful to have a trip like this—nearly three thousand miles by rail, but it makes me think of the two brothers that were invited to a party. Only one could be spared. "We couldn't both come," one told the hostess, "so we drew lots." "And you won?" said the hostess. "Oh, no," he said. "I lost."

The Preacher shook out four sermons Sunday. George Jr. has a nice parish here in St. Peter's (the other church was full) and three smaller places. He has done wonders with the church grounds, and offered to paint the church two coats if the church would furnish the paint—which they did!

As near as I can make out, the name of one roadhouse near here is "Hog Wallow." And the name of a town just below here is "Sleepy Eye."

The Preacher had to speak for a Pomona grange over in Rhode Island, so what did we all do but get in a car and beat it for Cape Cod! We didn't go clear to the end, but saw plenty of scrub pine and sand. And the houses looked just like other houses. The famed "Cape Cod House" must have been over on the other side of the reef. As usual the Grange put on nearly an hour's program before they reached the "Guest Speaker of the evening," so we turned in a little before two A.M. Sunday morning, with sermons coming all day. Charles drove so the Preacher could snooze a little on the way. If your car hasn't strap hangers on the side, put on some harness-strap ones. He did in the station wagon, and what a comfort they were when riding!

We saw a good idea this morning. A farmer lived near a lake, so he fixed a plank walk out a ways, made a plank rack, and put an old car body on it. In this he sits on a rainy day, with his corn cob protruding from his mouth, and his fish pole protruding from under the windshield.

The Preacher has just been in two towns where the first church buildings ever built in those towns will be the first to close up. Wouldn't there be a chance for a study of the reason why?

George B. Gilbert.

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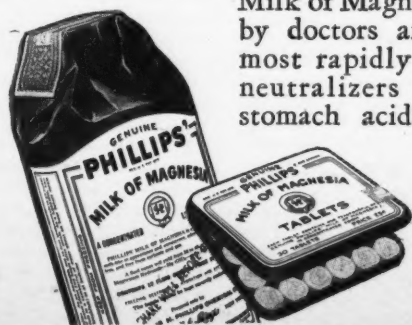
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(Continued from page 15)

shortage that famine would make an end to Nazism. But there was no famine either, and after the conquest of Norway the fiber-fish hope had to be buried definitely. It was a hush-hush burial. No obituaries.

It was the same in other spheres. As far back as in the spring of 1937, a man who held a leading position in the motor and armament industry told this writer that they were running alarmingly short of copper. "What will you do if war comes?" I asked him. "You will have to choose then whether to put the copper into the electric parts of your cars or into your guns and ammunition. Either your cars will not be running or your guns not shooting."

"Not at all," he replied. "All the cars

been, and never will be, a revolution in Germany as long as the power of the German army is unchecked and the majority of the Black Guards, Storm Troopers, ordinary party members and the police remains unaffected by hunger and other severe forms of economic pressure.

Revolutions occur only when and where the objectives of the ruling class contradict those of the ruled masses, and, moreover where and when the ruling class is divided in itself. In today's Germany there exists only one class as to the objectives. Apart from a negligible minority, all Germans aim at the same things and are sure they will get them. They therefore would have to be shown in the most convincing manner that the goal is beyond reach. I know of only one way in which to prove this: the military way. Only a military defeat and its

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The Editors

we are building today are so constructed that the copper wires can be exchanged for the thicker aluminum wires. Thus our cars will continue to run and we shall have at our disposition all the copper we need for guns and ammunition."

In this manner the war was planned long before it started. And it makes all the difference that the Germans *planned* the war, and the others *hoped* for revolution. The Germans had a concrete goal and were determined to reach it. The others had a pleasant dream and hoped—just hoped—that it would turn into reality by itself.

This absurd hope for revolution, that purely wishful thinking, strangled what common sense there was left in the European democracies.

The truth is that there never could have

moral and economic repercussions would make a sufficient number of Germans revise their present views. This would establish the discrepancy in goals without which no revolution could be born.

But, one could ask, why a revolution at all? If a military defeat of Germany is within the scope of the possible, would not that suffice to secure a just and sensible peace-treaty? Could not (in the same manner as Hitler replaced the governments in the conquered countries?) a victorious Allied army replace the government in Germany, then there would not be any need for a revolution.

If today's war is fought for nothing but just another peace treaty, signed by all parties, this above view is correct. But the view is dangerously incorrect if more than a "treaty" is wanted—namely,

a true and lasting peace. This cannot be had unless the very soul of the Germans will have been expurgated by a genuine revolution.

The German mind has undergone a radical change within the last eight years. By failing to take that change into account, the democratic world would run the risk of once more being lured along the wrong way. To repeat the mistake of the former European leaders who, instead of studying the phenomenon of Nazism, turned their eyes away, the present exponents of democratic ideals should be just as unable to bring about peace as the appeasers were unable to preserve it.

Their first mistake was their inability to recognize that National Socialism was by no means a mere party movement. It was a highly significant fact that, for years, the world spoke of "Hitlerism"; as though one super-gangster had been solely responsible for all the misdeeds; as though one super-Mandrake had the power to hold a seventy million people spellbound. The former European leaders overlooked the terrible truth that not by some particular concatenation of circumstances the "scum of the nation" had managed to get at the top, but that the movement had been powerful enough to turn the scum in every single German mind to the top. The noble qualities were sent to the bottom. There they still lie, buried and suffocated.

What actually happened in Germany was the diabolical counterpart of what had happened nineteen hundred and ten years ago, when Christianity came into our world. It was a revolution of the human soul then—the determined turning to the most sublime values. It was a revolution now—the devaluation of all our ethical standards. That condition will not be changed by any peace treaty. It will require another revolution—and we have to take this word in its spiritual meaning too—to make the world safe for peace.

Unless the followers of democracy realize that fact, all their plans will be futile, all their hopes senseless, all their measures inadequate. Above all they have to face the fact that, for the time being, to differentiate between Nazis and Germans is just what Hitler and Himmler like them to do. Because the Nazi leaders know that this sort of mistake, this resurrection of wishful thinking on the part of their opponents, will render their own defeat more improbable. Actually, there is no such difference. The overwhelming majority of the Germans are Nazis.

To many of them Christianity was nothing but a confession of words, even before the coming of Hitler. Its essence never blended with their feeling. They professed it in the same manner that they wore clothes—both being the shibboleth of the society. They embraced Nazism with the fervor of criminals, suddenly set free and appointed to the offices of their former prosecutors.

To others Nazism appeared as the only feasible means of dealing with a hostile world. These people did not bother about the question as to why the world seemed hostile. The new doctrine presented itself as the simplest way out of a confused post-war situation and the one at that which appeared enticingly promising.

(Continued on page 44)

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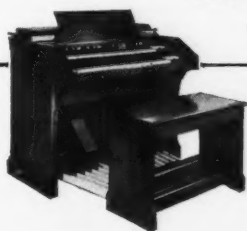
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(Continued from page 43)

What has become manifest during the past weeks as the true purpose of all Nazi activity: that the whole world is to be ruled by a single master-people, the German.

To the rest of the now Nazified Germans, the doctrine offered no particular bait. They just swallowed it because they were tired of resisting and unable to stand separation from the bulk of their fellow-citizens.

All this refers, of course, to the adult Germans only; to those who were at least eighteen years old in 1930, when National Socialism began to spread with increasing speed. Since 1930, 10,364,000 children have been born in Germany proper—excluding Austria and the Sudeten territory. They are, and will be, brought up without getting the slightest notion of anything but National-Socialistic theory and practice. Nearly the same applies to the approximately eight million boys and girls who have gone through school between 1933 and 1940.

The German Government has covered itself with glory. The German tribes are united far beyond what even Bismarck had hoped for. It is true, some Germans are still outside the border of the Third Reich—in Switzerland, South Tyrol and Transylvania. But they are practically at Hitler's mercy. It is up to him to decide, when and in what form he wants them to incorporate in his Reich.

The German armies have also covered themselves with glory. They drove the Poles, the Belgians, and the French into surrender. In all these cases of political

(Continued from page 21)

moral worth and Christian character. If morale is the indispensable element in armed forces, it is the indispensable element in every department of our civil life. If we are weak in moral character when we are at peace, we shall not be strong in times of strife simply because we are clad in steel. We believe in a strong and protecting constabulary on land and sea, yes, and in the air, and we obediently and loyally respond to the action of our Federal government, but we believe that the greatest dangers that threaten us are from *within* rather than from without. A vast population, polyglot in character, unassimilated, with a form of freedom that borders on license, weakened by growing moral turpitude, unresponsive to law, human and divine, constitutes a menace of incalculable proportions.

These are factors with which both the state and the Church have to reckon. That the Church has a part, and a conspicuous one in the concerns of the state, that it is affected, and that vitally, by the changing trends and policies in our political, economic and social life, is clearly evident. Washington's dictum that "morality and religion are the sure props of civil government" makes what the Church has to contribute of vital moment. We cannot absolve ourselves of blame for the conditions that have made our modern world, yes and the world of America, an unstable and unsafe place in which to live. The oncoming generation is uncertain and appalled by a situation that has come to it with alarming swift-

ness, and it is a chief concern of the Church that a better and surer future may be planned for the expectant youth. Here let us stress the weighty obligation that is ours as it concerns youth. We have accomplished a splendid work in colleges and universities through the efficient service rendered by our college chaplains, but we are not supporting it adequately. This applies with tragic consequences to our whole missionary programs. May I say, with the consciousness of my own shortcomings that these troubled times are calling us, not alone to repentance for our sins, but to firm resolves that we mend our ways.

As well as military victories the answer to the question: "What price glory?" is: "Honor!" All the political victories were gained by blackmail, lies and faithlessness hitherto unheard of in the history of civilized nations. And the military victories were mostly based on the use of methods gangsterlike in character—as for instance the disguised parachutists in Holland. But Germany needed not hesitate to pay for glory with honor. This honor was of the old-fashioned European type which in any case had to be done away with. To the eyes of the German adults grown dull by Nazi propaganda, and of the German children growing up on it, that kind of honor has no meaning at all. They have got in exchange an honor, National-Socialistic in brand, likewise as they had to replace the rest of the traditional values by new ones. And with every passing day the new valuations and conceptions will root more strongly in the German soul.

How to undo this evil is the real problem. It can only be solved by the Germans themselves. A military defeat may shatter Hitler's plan for the "New Order of Europe." But it will not change the anti-Christian and inhuman spirit of today's Germany which governed that planning. And this is the reason why the followers of democracy have to hope for a German revolution, the outbreak of which will depend upon the course of this war. They have to hope for it, not in order to spare themselves the trouble of fighting for their ideals; but to keep it safeguarded for more than another twenty years of "anxious peace."

All that I am saying has to do with a freshly strengthened and determined leadership in every office, clerical and lay. If we have piped to the people and they have not danced, something is wrong in our piping. The notes our trumpets are sounding are too uncertain, they lack challenge and power. The most cursory study of these more recent years makes clear the conclusion that, the whole Christian Church as an institution has lacked something, something in its method, in its understanding of human needs, in its fine appreciation of the application of the vital teachings of the Gospel to the problems that have to do with every concern of human life. We have lacked the courage that characterized the Church's leaders in other ages. If the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, then it may be that a new period of sacrificial service is to inspire the whole life of the Church to new conquests and to lead it to new triumphs.

(Continued from page 2)

We strive to lose her, to leave her. We seek green precincts and tender scenes; but we always return to those waiting arms; and, like the children we are, we beg her once more to hold us close, though her bosom is of hard steel and stone. Those soft regions to which we fared were sweet for awhile; that meadow was radiant; that lane was hushed and shadowy. Why was it, then, that we left them and sought again the clamor and fret of our restless goddess?

That is the mystery beneath our deep love. It can never be solved. We are under a never-ending spell. We yearn for freedom; yet when we find it we sigh for the old bondage. Do not pity us; for we would rather be slaves than freemen. Our very captivity is sweet to us. We love the battle we daily fight, the energy that gets into our sinews when we renew the struggle, unafraid. We may be bruised and buffeted about; but there is a zest in the everlasting war we wage, and we would count ourselves weak if we longed for an ivory tower away from the perils that wrap us round. Established here, we remain on the ramparts, and the lusty war goes on. Even if our hearts are broken, our spirit is never vanquished.

(Continued from page 19)

customary to bury all his more portable possessions with him, presumably that he may be fittingly equipped in the next world—sewing machines, bicycles, clothing, money, even, on one memorable occasion, a piano. And above the grave, under a corrugated-iron roof, is the deceased's double-bed, complete with slowly mildewing pillows and once gaily patterned quilt.

Although the Missions attack these subconscious vestiges of paganism it is not an easy task to eradicate the product of centuries. You cannot convince a man that he is wrong by simply shouting that you are right. By a gradual inculcation of new ideas he may be led to abandon his old paths of thought and it is largely in the role of guide and leader that the modern missionary performs his work.

And what of the future? Despite the present tidal-wave of materialism I am convinced that Christianity in the Islands is too deeply rooted to be submerged. For nearly a century the whole life of the people has been an integral part of their Church. Social position in the community is analogous with a man's status in the Church, as a member of the "Ekklesia," a deacon or a locally appointed pastor. No boat leaves for another island, no feast commences or dance begins until the senior deacon present has offered a suitable prayer. Sunday is scrupulously observed, particularly on the smaller atolls, and practically without exception everybody attends the bi-weekly morning services. Both trader and official owe a heavy debt to the pioneer work of the missionaries, whose peaceful penetration and civilising influence have contributed no small part to the present prosperity and security of these classes. It is well for each to remember this and acknowledge their obligation in terms of tolerance and a willingness to "render unto God the things that are God's."

"I wish Gramp didn't live with us . . . so there!"

A young mother learns the best way to solve an old problem



1. I don't believe in spanking my little boy, Stevie. But when the little imp was so rude to his Grandpa, the other

day, I could have whaled him! My husband's father is a darling and he's so sensitive about having to live with us.



2. The fuss started when I asked Gramp to give Stevie a laxative. Stevie set up a howl. He hated the taste of it and he flatly refused to take it. So Gramp forced it down him. Then Stevie yelled he hated Gramp and wished he didn't live with us.



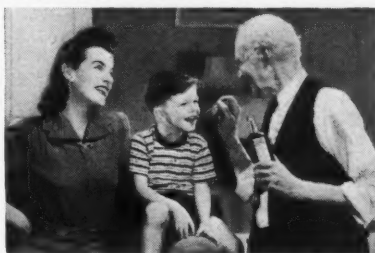
3. I had to punish Stevie for hurting Gramp's feelings. That's why the three of us looked so miserable when my cousin, who's a registered nurse, stopped by. When I told her about it, she looked startled. "Why run the risk of forcing him to take a bad-tasting laxative?"



4. "You can shock a child's delicate nervous system that way," my cousin went on. "Children should get a nice-tasting laxative—one made especially for children, not a harsh, adult's laxative. Why don't you try Fletcher's Castoria? Kids love it and it's safe and efficient."



5. "You can really rely on Fletcher's Castoria," she added. "It's thorough, but mild. There isn't a single harsh purging drug in it. Try it . . . I know you'll agree with me." So I walked her down to Main Street and bought a bottle right then and there.



6. Well, the next time Stevie needed a laxative, I let Gramp give him Fletcher's Castoria. And Stevie did love the taste. He hugged Gramp and they've been great buddies ever since. Fletcher's Castoria sure solved my youngster's laxative problem . . . the safe way!

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Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: (1) In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . (2) Senna works primarily in the lower bowel . . . (3) In regulated dosages it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

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MRS. JOS. MEREDITH, of Richmond, Va., who "simply followed the Certo recipe and made marvelous jelly—first time!"

"...with Certo and the 'short-boil' method, it's easy to turn all fruits into delicious jelly!"



"EVEN 'PROBLEM' FRUITS BEHAVE NOW! Years ago," says prize-winner Mrs. Burke, "I wouldn't have dared to try to make jelly from hard-to-jell fruits like strawberries. But nowadays—with the pure fruit pectin, Certo—I find it easy to jell *all* fruits. No need to guess . . . now!"

"CERTO'S SUCH A TIME-SAVER! You'll never catch me slaving over a jelly kettle," says youthful Mrs. Meredith. "With Certo, you only boil your fruit mixture $\frac{1}{2}$ minute for jelly—a minute or so for jam. And in less than 15 minutes after your fruit's prepared—you're all through!"

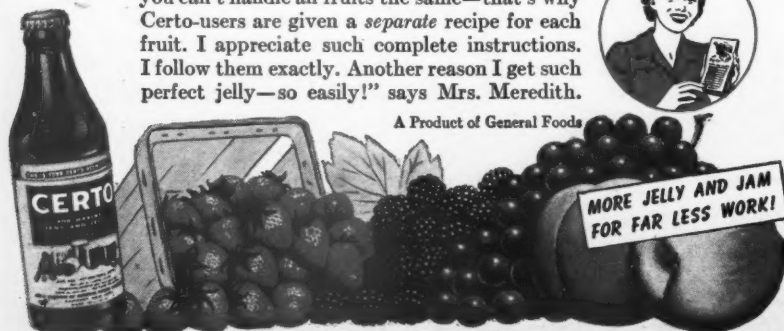


"WHO WOULDN'T APPRECIATE 4 EXTRA GLASSES—FINER FLAVOR, TOO!" exclaims Mrs. Burke. "With Certo, you don't boil off fruit juice, so you average 11 glasses instead of 7 from just 4 cups of juice. You don't boil off flavor, either! Your jelly tastes more like the fresh fruit itself!"

"A SEPARATE RECIPE FOR EACH FRUIT! I've heard you can't handle all fruits the same—that's why Certo-users are given a *separate* recipe for each fruit. I appreciate such complete instructions. I follow them exactly. Another reason I get such perfect jelly—so easily!" says Mrs. Meredith.



A Product of General Foods



(Continued from page 39)

FLUFFY COTTAGE PUDDING

4 cups sifted Sno Sheen Cake
4 tps. Calumet Baking Powder $1\frac{1}{4}$ tps. salt
6 tbsps. Crisco
2 cups Jack Frost Granulated Sugar
2 cups milk
1 tsp. Burnett's Vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cream butter, add sugar gradually and cream together well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add Vanilla. Bake in greased pan, 13 x 9 x 2 inches, in moderate oven (350 F.) 55 minutes or until done. Serve hot with any desired sauce.

The cereal beverage I've been demonstrating is a grand drink for anyone who prefers a less stimulating drink. It's easy and quick to prepare. Here's a recipe that appeals to many who have children who like a fancy milk drink. It is a wholesome flavoring for either hot or cold drinks. Grown ups like it as well as children.

POSTUM SYRUP

1 cup instant Postum $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups granulated sugar

Combine ingredients and cook over low flame until a smooth syrup is formed. Use 1 tablespoon syrup to a cup of milk in making postum drinks. This syrup is delicious poured over vanilla ice cream. Makes $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups syrup.

May

Tired tonight but will jot down my Bran Muffin recipe.

BRAN MUFFINS

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
1 cup Whole Bran Shreds or 40% Post's Bran Flakes
1 cup sifted Pillsbury's Best Flour
 $3\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{3}{4}$ tablespoons Jack Frost Brown Sugar
1 egg, well beaten
3 tablespoons melted Crisco

Pour milk over bran and let stand 5 minutes. Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and sugar, and sift again. Add egg and Crisco to bran mixture and mix well. Add flour, beating only enough to dampen all flour. Bake in greased muffin pans in hot oven (425 F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Yield: 12 muffins.

Here's a conserve grand to use in sandwiches with cream cheese or for dinner with meat. It makes a nice filling for filled cookies, too.

FRUIT COCKTAIL CONSERVE

2 cups canned fruit cocktail
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice
4 cups granulated sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. seedless raisins
1 cup walnut meats, chopped
 $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle Certo

Use a one-pound can of fruit cocktail. Squeeze and strain juice from two medium lemons. Measure sugar, fruit cocktail, raisins, nuts, and lemon juice into a three to four-quart saucepan. Add one-fourth teaspoon butter to reduce foaming. Mix well and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire, stirring constantly. Boil hard two minutes. Remove from fire and stir in Certo. Then stir and skim by turns for ten minutes to cool slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly into clean Kerr jelly glasses. Parafin hot conserve at once. Yield: eight glasses.

(Continued from page 23)

with the yearning for spiritual regeneration so natural to a finely constituted human being, just opening out from childhood to the first experience of maturity. Also "all the other young folks in town were going to the revival meeting"—a powerful consideration at sixteen. So Emma asked for permission to attend a revival meeting. Her father was a strict Congregational minister of the old variety. He felt, I imagine, about having a daughter of his attracted by Methodist revivalists, very much as a conservative father would feel today about having a sixteen year old daughter attracted by emotional radicals — labor-sympathizers — Communists.

So he forbade her going to the revival meetings. He had a right to, didn't he? Wasn't he her father, set in authority over her by natural and divine law?

There were scenes between the father who was only trying to make his child mind him and the young Emma, floundering blindly around as she tried to grow up into the rich, varied, deep life where instinctively she knew she belonged. The more she protested, of course the firmer was her father, brought up as he had been to the precept "Never let a child break a command of yours. One disobedience leads to another."

So Emma—of course—climbed out of a side window and went to a revival meeting, in what state of intense excitement you can imagine. And there she was so carried away by the fatherly old minister's tenderly moving (also practiced and eloquent) appeal, that, weeping wild tears of utter spiritual bliss, she made a public confession of remorse for her shortcomings and a public profession of conversion to this new creed of love, not fear, of God.

When she went home, she found her father waiting for her to return, a flaming two-edged sword (in a manner of speaking) in his hand. Emma was no coward, no slave. To the thunderous question, "Where have you been?" she not only told where she had been, but said she wanted to become a member of the other minister's church. Her father was beside himself with horror at being flagrantly disobeyed by his own daughter. It was real horror too, for that was a sin. And also his vanity and affections were deeply hurt. They had the scene of scenes, with shoutings and tears and anger, till both of them were plunged deep into emotional chaos, and hardly knew what they were screaming at each other. And Emma cried out that she would, would, she would join the church when she had found God's love visible, and Emma's father shouted back (this is the ridiculous melodramatic phrase which has kept the story alive in our family memory), "I'd rather see any child of mine lying dead in a coffin at my feet, than a member of the Methodist Church." And so saying he locked her up in an upper room from which she could not escape, and kept her there until the revivalist had gone on.

As the passage of time had dropped a layer of softening dust over the emotion in that story, the preposterousness of the exclamation came to be humorously invoked in our family when some one worked up an excitement out of proportion to the occasion—or perhaps just out

of fun. "Mother, can I have some chewing gum?" we might beg, to be answered lightly, "Well, of course I'd rather see any child of mine lying dead in his coffin than chewing gum. But here's a piece, if you really feel you have to."

The proper melodramatic ending for that story would have been to have the excitable girl, wrought to frenzy as she was, drop dead then. Or at least go into a decline soon after. But Cousin Emma lived on after that to great old age, some seventy-one years longer, till she was eighty-seven years old. And not a day of all those years but was poisoned by hating her father, and through him, hating churches, and through hating churches, hating religion. Religion, which for her ardent nature should have been her heart's true home! Her father had been a minister, had acted as he did, in the name of his Church. That was enough for her. The impression was seared into the sixteen-year-old heart. She soon ran away from home to marry, and carried her husband into a churchlessness which he found very forlorn. Their children were brought up on the sneer, "anyone who professes to believe a creed is either a fool or a knave." The children married ordinary normal people, alienated at once from Emma by her fierce anti-clericalism.

I remember her well at that period of her life, frail, transparent old woman, still consumed and tortured by her ancient bitterness, her whole emotional life focussed on a barren negation.

What would have happened nowadays? I see such little girls being brought up all around me now; I know many a vigorous young woman of thirty-five or so, who was brought up by "modern" precepts. If Cousin Emma had lived eighty years later how would her parents have treated her? Some of the excellent books on child-psychology we take so for granted, along with the general background of public opinion, would certainly have called to their attention by the time Emma was three or four, that she was a different person from her unexcitable, unimaginative sister, and hence needed different elements in her life. They probably would have provided some outlets in the practice of the arts for Emma's ardent sensitive nature—colored crayons, modeling clay, a musical instrument, a card to get books at the public library. Or perhaps some instruction in one of the myriad fine skills open to the human hand, mind and body. She might have learned to make pretty, bright dresses for herself. She would have had a chance to pour out her emotions in dramatics. Her parents would have been sustained not by the grim exhortation to "make her obey" but by the aspiration to understand what impulses caused her to act as she did, what deep inner needs she was fumblingly trying to meet, when she "acted naughty." I don't say they would not have tried to "make her mind" too. All parents must, to protect children from danger in their early years. But they would no more have done that first, in each case, at every age, and in every situation, than a good carpenter always reaches first for a hammer, or a chisel, or a saw. Before he does anything he looks to see exactly what needs to be done at just that point of his construction. Then he puts his experienced mind on the ques-

(Continued on page 48)

77
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Survivor's (if any) Birth Date

(Continued from page 47)

tion of which tool will be the best one to use to do what needs to be done. A fine cabinetmaker wants to make his joints square, strong and shipshape (after all that was just what Cousin Emma's father was trying to do with his undertaking of bringing up a daughter.) But when he has trouble in fitting a joint he does not try to make it tight by banging, splintering, denting blows with a sledge-hammer. When he brings two sides of a chair together to make a corner, if they don't fit, he knows that he has made some mistake with his preliminary measurements, sawing and planing. He considers, with calm objectivity, with which tool he can best repair that mistake. When he has chosen one, he does a little light-handed experimentation with it, till he sees whether it is going to do the work or not. The better workman he is, the less he ever needs to drive anything home with a hammer.

Modern parents learn from psychologists that it is important to choose their tools with care. In trying to make their choice, they often make mistakes. Those mistakes are easy to see, easy to make fun of. That light, tentative, experimenting touch of the good workman can be labeled weakness, is labeled weakness by those who like the sensation of forcing their will on the raw material of life by the use of violence. What came strikingly to me, there on the front porch, after those young men had diagnosed so accurately the sin of omission committed by their professors of history, is that we older people may be committing a similar sin by allowing the mistakes of the authoritarian parents to lapse into oblivion.

I went on, imagining dreamily how old Cousin Emma might have grown up with modern parents to care for her childhood. There would have been ructions of course. Such a vivid, profoundly feeling nature as hers certainly could not have grown up in placidity and calm. But no young violence on her part could ever have shaken her profound certainty of her parents' good will towards her. She would have grown into a relationship with them, perhaps not always outwardly respectful, but filled to the brim with confidence in their wish to do what was best for her. If in the varied activities they had opened up to her in childhood, she had discovered some special gift or talent, she would have had, as far as was in her parents' power, a chance to develop it. Active in positive not negative ways, absorbed in the practice of worthwhile skills, her yearning for beauty, harmony, creative use of her vitality satisfied, she'd have scrambled along somehow through the ups and down of adolescence, and have come out into maturity with no old infected moral ulcers or unhealed open spiritual wounds. At thirty-five she'd have been such a mother as I saw all around me in the younger generation of my family, trying to understand her children's needs and to provide for them but above all enjoying her job. Not tensely afraid her sons and daughters would turn into criminals if she did not supervise their every thought and action.

This kind of speculation was familiar enough to me, as to most elderly people, looking backward and forward over family history as we all do, in growing older. My thoughts had often turned into the past, as

far as the childhood of my mother's generation. I had often tried to imagine in what way their maturity would have been different if they had been brought up in the modern way. Once in a while I had been taken aback to feel that some of them would not have been a bit happier. Cousin Emma's stolid sister for instance, she had just taken the discipline of her time for granted, with never a flight of the imagination beyond it.

But for the first time I now traveled back one generation farther—to Cousin Emma's father. I had always seen him as a stern old man, the traditional savage Puritan, perhaps with a white beard, certainly with steel-rimmed spectacles, thin, grim, old lips, the cords of his scraggy neck drawn taut by his anger with his daughter. The story as I have told it sounds like that doesn't it? And of course I've told it to you as it was told to me. But that is the image of a grandfather or a great-grandfather. Cousin Emma's father must have been born in—a rapid calculation of family dates brought me a shock. Why, Uncle Peter must have been just thirty-eight years old when he and Emma between them had finally killed and trodden into the mud all the delicate tendrils of her potential growth. But to me, now, at sixty, a man of thirty-eight is young and inexperienced.

I moved into the house. The young callers on the porch asked me where I was going, and laughed good-naturedly over the oddities of the older generation when I told them I was going to look at the family album.

Yes, there he was, Great-Uncle Peter, at thirty-five, a daguerreotype of him in winged collar and black stock. My heart melted as I looked at that young, sensitive, resolute and sadly shadowed young face. He had already had thirteen years of battle with a child he loved. I had long known what Emma had lost by growing up too early in history. Never before had I had the ordinary humanity to imagine what needless suffering had been inflicted on her father by the dogma that his first duty was to dominate and command—as if a young scientist had been put in charge of some laboratory experiments and told that he would be held morally responsible if by sheer will-power he did not force acids to perform like alkalis. Emma's slow-witted, unimaginative older sister had never so grieved and wept and raged against his paternal authority. What heart-sick bewilderment at the inscrutable ways of God must have darkened those years of his daughter's maturity, spent in publicly hating the only values he recognized in human existence. What confused horrified misery, far more wretched even than Emma's sixteen-year-old fury, must have filled his heart during that last hand-to-hand battle. How many times in his long life must he have wakened suddenly from sleep to live helplessly once more through that tragedy, to lose his way again in the black labyrinth of anger and dismay, to drive home blow after blow of the only tool he had ever been taught to use—the sledge hammer! Did he perhaps, as he lay dying, watch—once more,—the joint he was trying to make more perfect, fall, wrecked and ruined, into a meaningless mass of broken splinters?

I touched the faded old daguerreotype with a pitying finger. Poor Uncle Peter.

(Continued from page 27)

the brush, and three minutes or so later he suddenly came upon none other than Colonel Bowman.

"This is a surprise, Doctor!" exclaimed the Colonel.

"A mutual one," replied the doctor rather icily.

"I had a wonderful thought come to me rather recently, Doctor," remarked Colonel Bowman after a moment or two of hesitation.

"Indeed."

"I have in mind a bird sanctuary here."

"You own this property, Colonel Bowman?" queried the doctor.

"To all intents and purposes. I have recently taken over the mortgage, and am about to take steps leading to foreclosure."

"So Mrs. Dustin does not intend to clear up the mortgage, eh?"

The Colonel smiled rather broadly. "I understand that she is in no position financially to do so. Had I not learned that fact at the start, I would not have assumed the mortgage." His smile broadened to a grin. "No doubt you recall what one of Dickens' characters said: 'Tough is J.B., tough and devilish sly.'"

"It would seem that Dickens looked down through the years, Colonel Bowman," remarked the doctor.

After a time Dr. Torrey reached the lonely grave in the pasture, and for a few moments he stood with bared head looking at a well-filled vase of gladioli. "Forty-five years!" he murmured. "And still that divine spark of love still glows!"

Dr. Torrey had little more than reached home when old Seth Cunningham turned in at the gate and made his way up the short walk. "Well, Doc, I come purty nigh hittin' the nail on the head 'bout the Colonel bein' liable to get holt o' Julia's mortgage," he said when comfortably seated on the piazza. "I hear as how he's got it."

"You showed wisdom beyond your years, Seth," chuckled the doctor. "He has got hold of the mortgage, but not the property, and what is more, he is not going to get it."

"Ye talk purty sure, Doc," remarked Cunningham.

"I am sure, Seth," declared the doctor, stressing each word. "I—"

Just then a car drew up to the curb, and much to the doctor's surprise, Mr. Lyman Stone, the local dairyman, alighted. He was still more surprised a moment or two later when Mr. Stone mounted the steps with outstretched hand, for during the past year or so, since the doctor had taken legal steps to collect a long overdue bill, and which he did collect, Mr. Stone had made it a point to cut him dead when by chance they met.

"This is no time to settle back in the breeching, Doc," he said, gripping the doctor's hand. "You put a fast one over on me last year, and I deserved it. The point right now is that Aunt Julia is in trouble. I just got the word from Lawyer Bushnell. I don't need to tell you, Doc, that I am one of Aunt Julia's 'babies,' and such being the case, I want to do my part toward saving her home. Here is fifty dollars to help along the good work."

"Thank you, Lyman, and God bless

(Continued on page 50)



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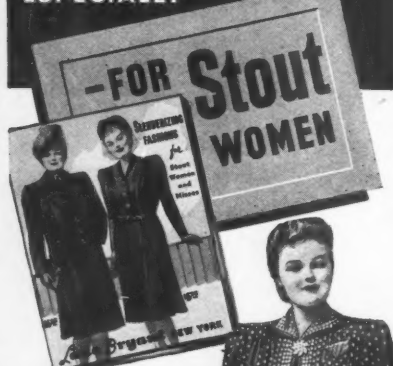
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(Continued from page 49)

you," exclaimed the doctor, his eyes glistening.

When Mr. Stone had gone Dr. Torrey turned to Cunningham and said, "I am doubly glad that Lyman called, Seth." He hesitated for a moment and then continued, his voice husky with emotion. "Yes, doubly glad—glad because of his liberal contribution, and, well, glad that Lyman and I are friends once more."

"It looks like ye be makin' a good start, Doc, with Julia's 'babies,'" remarked Cunningham.

Dr. Torrey took from his pocket the list of names that Julia had loaned him. "Here is a complete list of them, Seth," he declared. "Some have passed away and many have moved away from Westford, but I think it is safe to say that there are more than three hundred still living here—adults I mean. I hope for an average contribution to the fund of five dollars each."

"An' ye-ou'll get it, Doc. Ye-ou ain't the kind as folks refuse." He chuckled and said, "Um. I presume my name ain't on that list, Doc?"

"I am afraid not," laughed the doctor. "Well, in case ye find yourself runnin' shy o' cash arter seein' 'em all, ye-ou put my name down as an honorary 'baby,' an' I'll hand ye ten dollars."

"Thank you, Seth," said the doctor, placing his hand on the old man's knee; "I'll keep that in mind."

Early that evening Mr. Wendell Cobb, Westford's Town Clerk, called to see Dr. Torrey. "Your idea is going over big, Doc," he said, smiling broadly. "It is the talk of the town. Now I want to offer a suggestion."

"And I'll warrant that it is a good one, Wendell."

"Two weeks from this coming Saturday is Aunt Julia's birthday day."

"Splendid!" exclaimed the doctor.

"I looked it up in the Vital Statistics. It strikes me that a pilgrimage to her home—Julia's 'babies' by car or on foot, each with his or her offering, would be a pleasing gesture."

"Capital!"
"It will add to the enjoyment of the occasion to have you there, Doc, to join with Aunt Julia in welcoming those who make the trip."

"Well, I will be glad to be there," declared the doctor, his eyes glistening as he visualized the scene.

The following morning Dr. Torrey started out on a systematic canvass of the town, and when he quit work at night he had contacted two score or more of Julia's 'babies.' All along the line he met with success, the pledges for Aunt Julia's birthday running from a low of two dollars to as high as ten dollars, and averaging a little more than five dollars. The passing of ten days found his task completed, and the grand total of pledges was nearly two thousand dollars.

"It be a good safe margin, Doc," declared old Seth Cunningham when he learned of the doctor's success. "Nacherly there'll be some, some as promised with ev'ry intent o' doin' what they said they'd do, who won't be able to give nothin' when the time comes, but there won't be many on 'em."

"Yes, Seth, as you say, there is a safe

margin," said the doctor. "By the way, I want you to be with me at Aunt Julia's when they come."

"I'll jest love to come, Doc," exclaimed the old man.

"Plenty of money and plenty of time, Doc," declared Lawyer Bushnell when Dr. Torrey consulted him relative to settling up the mortgage. "Aunt Julia's birthday is Saturday and the day for foreclosure is set for the following Wednesday. I will plan to pick up the mortgage on Monday morning."

"Well, John, Saturday is bound to be a glad occasion," said the doctor. Julia's 'babies' are to be out to the farm some time between the hours of one and three in the afternoon. Seth Cunningham and I are going out about noon, and I want you to join us there."

"I'll be there, Doc," declared the lawyer. "I'll be there by one o'clock. As a matter of fact I have already planned to come out with Lyman Stone, for although we have already contributed, we had no idea of missing what promises to be a most enjoyable occasion."

Julia's birthday proved to be an ideal fall day. There was a bit of crispness to the air, a hint of the colder days to follow, a hint that tends to enhance the satisfaction and sense of security that one has who owns a home, a home where he or she can pass in security and comfort the rigorous days to come.

At twelve o'clock that day Dr. Torrey drove into Aunt Julia's yard with old Seth Cunningham. At the door the doctor greeted her with a rare smile. "You had best put on your best bib and tucker, Julia," he chuckled. "You are going to have company this afternoon."

"Company?"
"Your 'babies,' Julia. You had best make haste, for the first may arrive very shortly."

"Oh, I—I don't understand," she quavered.

"You will presently," said the doctor. Then he made his way over to where Cunningham was standing.

It was about half an hour later that a car stopped in front of the house. Then Julia was seated on the piazza, looking very pretty indeed in her best dress, and beside her were seated Dr. Torrey and Cunningham. The lone occupant of the car, none other than Mr. Daniel Russell, the local druggist and tax collector, having alighted, walked into the yard and a moment or two later was shaking hands with Aunt Julia. When he released his hold there was a crisp ten dollar bill in her hand. "Many happy returns of the day, Aunt Julia," he said. Then he hastily returned to his machine, and driving on a few rods, parked by the side of the road.

Other cars followed a minute or two apart, and each occupant in turn paid his or her respects to the dear old lady, who was so bewildered that she could scarcely speak. At one o'clock Lawyer Bushnell and Mr. Lyman Stone arrived and were soon seated comfortably on the piazza.

No one arriving during the ensuing half hour or so, Dr. Torrey turned to Lawyer Bushnell and said, speaking in an undertone. "Where in the world are those who planned to come on foot, John?"

"They will be here presently, Doc,"

replied the lawyer. Then, chuckling, "You are getting nervous, Doc."

"Yes, I—I guess I am," said the doctor with a forced laugh.

Two o'clock came and still nobody showed up. Dr. Torrey walked out to the road and looked long and earnestly toward the village. When he returned he looked decidedly worried. When the tall clock in the parlor struck three and still no more had arrived Dr. Torrey took the lawyer's arm and walked out to the road with him.

"There is something wrong, John," declared the doctor in a strained voice. "I—I don't like it at all. Here it is three o'clock and less than fifty have come. "Don't be impatient, Doc," soothed the lawyer.

"I am not only impatient, but alarmed, John." For a few moments he was silent, and then said, "Look here, John, that money has got to be raised, and it is going to be raised. My home is free and clear. I want you to go to the city with me the first thing Monday morning. I—I—"

"Doc, I hear a band," interrupted the lawyer, and as he spoke his right hand gripped the doctor's arm.

"Why, so do I, John!" "Look! Look, Doc! Look down the road, Doc! There they come—Aunt Julia's 'babies,' a band at the head!"

Dr. Torrey shaded his eyes with his hand, and the while his frame was shaken as by a mighty sob.

"Don't blame me, Doc," laughed the lawyer. "This is Lyman's idea. He insisted on doing the thing up brown and paid for the band out of his own pocket. I had to keep quiet about it, for Lyman wanted it to be a complete surprise to you."

"It is a surprise all right, John," whispered the doctor hoarsely. He made a supreme effort to master his emotions, and said, "John, this—is this the happiest moment of my life."

They made their way back to the house, where Mr. Stone greeted the doctor with a broad grin.

"You villain!" exploded the doctor as he took a seat beside Mr. Stone.

Just then the band, then within ten rods of the house, struck up "Onward Christian Soldiers," and the marching men and women broke into song:

"Here we come, Aunt Julia,
Here three hundred strong,
Here to do you honor,
Here to right a wrong.

Here to show our love for you,
Here to cheer your way,
Here to wish you happiness
On this, your natal day.

Here we come, Aunt Julia,
Here three hundred strong,
Here to do you honor,
Here to right a wrong."

Old Dr. Torrey's right hand sought Julia's trembling arm. Silent, too full for words, they watched with dimmed eyes as the marchers broke rank and filed by.

Old Seth Cunningham leaned over and whispered in the doctor's ear, "Glory be, Doc! I'd rather have walked up here an' back, 'n missed this."



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FREE SAMPLE OFFER

(Continued from page 35)

would give mine an extra lift to where prayers go.

I should like to talk to the boys and girls who edit the "Camp Trailer" and especially to the little boy who wrote, "Who Has Seen?" His name is Leslie Mair and this is the way his poem goes:

"Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I,
But when the leaves start falling down
The wind is passing by.

There was one thing that pained me at Mont Lawn and that was the crowd, the vast army of little girls and boys, I did not see. For, for every relaxed and happy face that I saw, I thought of a thousand



PLEASE!

In the August issue, we asked you to tell us something about your family and your church. We are afraid that we did not make clear to you how very much it would mean to Christian Herald to have you answer the questions we asked.

It will cost you only a three-cent stamp and ten minutes of your time.

It is not too late for you to help.

Please get your August issue of Christian Herald right now before you forget it. Turn to page 59, cut out the bottom half of the page, and you will then have on the front and back of that sheet the questions we would like to have you answer. It will not destroy one word of the editorial part of your June issue.

We thank those of you who have already filled out the questionnaire, and we also thank in advance the rest of you who are going to perform this important piece of service for the strengthening of the business structure of Christian Herald.

Instructions for mailing are contained in the questionnaire.



faces not relaxed and not happy, in the dark tenements, the crowded streets of New York. I thought of families living, five and six, in a single room, stifling with odors of cooking and human perspiration. I thought of littered courts, of boys and girls playing in the streets, of lumbering trucks and heedless truck-drivers, of noise all day and all night, of over-worked mothers and over-wrought children, nerves on edge and despair in the heart. I thought of degenerate companionship, criminal suggestion, the constant beat on sensitive minds of the sensationalism of these times, the lack of guidance for the mind, the spirit, the emotions. A thousand children a summer at Mont Lawn, and how many hundred thousands in New York City, who do not go to Mont Lawn?

When will some flaming spirit persuade us to supplement our educational system, which rightly compels children to acquire the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic, with a system which shall compel society and government to give children recreation and that deeper education in fellowship and spiritual values which boys and girls can acquire only in play together in the fields and woods, and in companionship with selfless men and women who have God in their souls and love in their hearts?

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(Continued from page 29)

ceased father had planted them and loved them. She persisted with tears and sentimental phrases until debts piled high and her property was foreclosed. Kind neighbors offered to take her in, if she would give up her innumerable cats and dogs and pet chickens. She preferred her pets and poverty. In her impoverished old age, she is dependent on the mercy of the public.

In contrast, a society leader in New York City, when she arrived at the age of fifty, retired to her Long Island estate. She said that she felt when one reached such an age one no longer could enjoy a life of social whirl or successfully lead it. Whatever her pursuits in middle life or her occupations after the turn of her half-century she, at least, had the right attitude of mind and accepted the fact of change.

No portion of life's highway need ever be dull and prosaic if we catch the secret of adjustment to the changes along the way. We need never look back with the feeling that the high points of interest have been passed.

Even if it has been years since we left college, we can still be creative youngsters,



TWO PLOUGHMEN

Two men were ploughing in a field,
One saw but furrowed sod;
The other ploughing deeper still,
Close fellowship with God.

Two men were ploughing in a field,
One knew but labor-spent;
The other, strongly pressing on,
Thrilled with accomplishment.

Two men were ploughing in a field,
One sensed but burning sun;
The other looking heavenward,
The voice of God, "Well done!"

Everard Thomson



refuting the doctrine of Osler. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote "Over the Teacups" at 79. Verdi, at 74, produced his masterpiece, "Otello"; at 80, "Falstaff." Tintoretto, at 74, painted the vast "Paradise." Cato began the study of Greek at 80. Kant, at 74 wrote his "Anthropology, Metaphysics of Ethics and Strife of the Faculties."

A creatively happy old age is attainable, for history's pages are filled with grand old people who came to their age "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." Among friends and families, we have had glimpses of the soft radiance of a wonderful "last of life for which the first was made." And we have wished that we too might grow old as gracefully. Horace, with his ageless understanding, seems to point his finger of poetic wisdom at each of us: "Do you count your birthdays gladly? And forgive your friends? And grow gentler and better as old age draws near?"

But only after a conscious effort and a long climb are the heights reached and the love of possessions, pride of position, and the physical cravings flee like clouds before the sun.



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NEW BOOKS TO READ

By

DANIEL A. POLING



Keys of the Kingdom, by A. J. Cronin. (344 pp., Little, Brown and Company, \$2.50.) A great and immortal story. The hero is a priest, but Protestant and Catholic alike and all others should not delay reading it. For these bitter times it is a song in the night. The central character has all the proportions of heroism and is a prophet of the new era, which, please God, shall be the era of brotherhood. Only the blind and bitter fringes of religion would ban this book. It has everything.

The New Testament in Basic English, A New Translation prepared by S. H. Hooke, Edwin Smith, I. A. Richards, W. R. Matthews, E. W. Barnes, Martin Linton-Smith, and other leading Bible scholars. (548 pp., \$1.50, E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.)

This is primarily not a volume for scholars, though scholars have written it. But scholars who read *The New Testament in Basic English* will, I am sure, write more acceptably for the general reader. The more than 414,000 words in the English language have been reduced to a basic English vocabulary of less than 1000. Those who are just learning the English language will be grateful for this translation. I believe that it will be used widely in classes and in missions for foreign-speaking peoples. Obscure passages are brought into the vernacular and made plain. For instance, "And why do you take note of the grain of dust in your brother's eye but take no note of the bit of wood which is in your eye?" There is no further questioning about that! "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," has always presented difficulties for the average reader, but as of *The New Testament in Basic English*, "Happy are the gentle, for the earth will be their heritage" is more easily understood and appreciated. Strong men are gentle. The greatest captains of the earth were gentle. Little children loved to be in the presence of Abraham Lincoln. Gentleness in our time and tongue suggests discipline, courage, and conscious power. This new version takes into account the latest ideas and discoveries pertaining to biblical translation. It is a sound work of scholarship, and it is timely.

The Wit and Wisdom of Abraham Lincoln, edited by H. Jack Lang. (265 pp., Greenberg, \$2.50.) This volume should be on the desk of every Lincoln devotee—and that means just about everyone who reads. For me it is already a reference book. The Lincoln classics are all here: the second inaugural address, described by Lord Curzon, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, as one of the "three supreme masterpieces of English eloquence"; the Gettysburg speech, the second of these

"masterpieces"; the Bixby letter, the first political speech—a total of one hundred and twenty-five immortal documents. Some of these comprise scarcely fifty words, and the lengthiest may be read in less time than is consumed in a popular short-short story. But they run the full scale of human emotions and condense the statesmanship and Christian culture of the ages. More quickly and unanswerably than in any previous volume or volumes, this compilation reveals Lincoln, the man of exalted religious faith, whose at times tragic mysticism was shot through with common sense, vast generosity, and seer-like humor. It is interesting to note that one-third of the second inaugural, or exactly 267 of the 702 words, are direct quotations from the Bible, or words of application made to them.

The Darkest Hour, by Leo Lania. (235 pp., Houghton Mifflin Company, \$2.75.) This story of an Austrian writer who escaped from a concentration camp and walked across occupied and unoccupied France, is the appalling picture of a nation that lost its soul. It confirms the fears of many: France fell from within before she crumpled under the invading attack. There were signs of that as long ago as Versailles. This is more than the story of an escape—it is the tragic appraisal of a national debacle.

How Miracles Abound, by Bertha Stevens. (200 pp., The John Day Company, \$2.50.) How miracles abound in common-sense things—in a shell, a dew drop, a human hand—is told with a veritable genius for making involved things understandable and most interesting. The material is fundamental; the treatment is original. And the interest of child and adult will be held through each chapter.

101 Prayers for Peace, compiled by G. A. Cleveland Shrigley. (144 pp., The Westminster Press, \$1.00.) Timely and impressive, covering the vast field of purpose, human and divine, these prayers have comfort for our hearts and guidance for our wills.

Spurs on the Boot, by Thomas B. Morgan. (355 pp., Longmans, Green and Co., \$2.50.) This volume is the clearest picture of Mussolini's Italy that has yet appeared. The story may be unbelievable, but it is written with conviction, and the reader is convinced. The economic, social, political, diplomatic, and military case is well made. The author was personally acquainted with Mussolini and his family and even collaborated with the dictator on his book, "My Twenty-four Hours." He has added portraits of Pope Pius XII, King Victor Emmanuel III, Ciano, and many others.

(Continued from page 37)

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

QUITE AN IDEA

"BE YE KIND, TENDER-HEARTED."
READ EPHESIANS 4:26-32.

THERE was an old man in New York City who, until well past middle life, had struggled to maintain himself. He was eventually successful, but when he had money to spend, he was alone. All his family had passed on. So this was his idea. He would walk up Fifth Avenue, and at the most expensive stores, he would select a gift for his mother, one for his father; others for brothers and sisters, and so on. He never bought any of those presents, but when he had completed his list, he totaled it up—and sent the amount to various charities.

Move us ever to think of the needs of others, and in love to Thee, O Christ, lend a helping hand. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17

THE ETERNAL COVENANT

"THE COVENANT THAT I MADE."
READ HEBREWS 10.

THIS is Constitution Day. Naturally, our thoughts fly back to those valiant visionaries, the founding Fathers, who saw the glorious heritage of freedom which they might transmit to those who came after them. They drew up the Constitution to safeguard those liberties and blessings which had been procured at such cost. That reminds us of the divine covenant which God has made through His Son, and the infinite sacrifice which was offered for our redemption and peace. Remembering that we are Christ's, "let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's."

For Thine infinite goodness to us in Christ Jesus, and the blessings we enjoy, accept our grateful praise, O God, through Thy Spirit, Amen.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

THE SUPREME SIGHT

"THEY SAW . . . JESUS ONLY."
READ MATTHEW 17:1-9.

A SPANISH artist, painting the "Last Supper" sought to surpass all his previous work by the effort he put into this canvas. When it was finished, he asked a friend's opinion. The man went into well-merited ecstasies. He was particularly enthused by the beauty of detail embellishing the cup our Lord held. Without a word, the artist took his brush, and painted out the cup. "But why?" expostulated the other. "Why? Anything that takes one's eyes from that sacred face is a mistake—is wrong." That touches our pet indolence, our cherished pursuits, our worldliness. Anything that diverts attention from Christ is a mistake—is wrong!

Because men would see Jesus, help us that nothing may ever obscure Him from their eyes. Keep us true to Thee.

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

IF ONLY . . .

"O THAT THOU HADST HEARKENED."
 READ ISAIAH 48:12-18.

OUR common complaint is, "If only. . . ." If we had been born somewhere else, or had some other task, what worth would we show. Gainsborough, the artist, wanted to be a musician. Hearing Giardini playing the violin, he bought the instrument at an exorbitant figure. But to his disgust, he found he could not play it any better than the ordinary violin which he possessed. The music was not in the violin, but in the violinist. So the success of life lies in the soul that wrests fortune from difficulty. In obedience to God are found satisfaction and peace.

Save us from discontent and repining.
 Help us to be the best we can be where
 Thou hast placed us. Amen.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

STILLING THE STORM

"CAREST THOU NOT THAT WE PERISH?"
 READ MARK 4:35-41.

THAT thrilling incident on the Galilean lake finds an illustration in the life of Julius Caesar. He was crossing a river when a sudden storm swept up. Even the boatmen were afraid. But Caesar shouted above the howling of the wind, "So long as I am with you in the same boat, no disaster can befall you." That was but a vain boast. But with Christ in the vessel with us, no matter if the tempest be that of adversity or sickness, trial or temptation, no evil can befall. He does more than reassure. He rebukes the storm, and brings forth peace. Happy is the soul who confides in Him.

Truly, O Saviour, Thou art supreme.
 Help us to believe Thee fully. So shall
 life's tempests be hushed to tranquillity.
 Through Thy grace, Amen.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

THE COMMAND OF CHRIST

"GO YE AND TEACH ALL NATIONS."
 READ MATTHEW 28:11-20.

THE Duke of Wellington once met a young clergyman at dinner. Knowing that Wellington had spent a considerable time in the East, he raised the question about the futility of missionary work. "Does your grace not think it is rather a quixotic and vain task to try to give the Gospel to the Hindu?" The old soldier looked at him severely. "As a soldier, I am accustomed to obey my commander's orders without question. What are your orders, sir? Did not Christ say, 'Go . . . to every creature?'" Do we need that rebuke? The missionary brought the Gospel to our fathers. Therefore, we must. . . .

Because we have received freely, help us to give with the same liberal desire to enrich others. Through the world's Saviour. Amen.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

ATTEMPTING THE IMPOSSIBLE

"JOHN CAME . . . THE SON OF MAN CAME."
READ MATTHEW 11:11-19.

OUR Lord showed that it is impossible to please some people. Their philosophy has been set down anonymously like this: "What's the use of sunshine? It only blinds your eyes. What's the use of learning? It only makes you wise. What's the use of smiling? It wrinkles up your face. What's the use of flowers? They clutter up the place . . . What's the use of singing? It only makes you glad. What's the use of goodness when all the world is bad? What's the use of doctoring? Might as well be sick. So what's the use of doing anything but kick?" But if we resolve to please Christ, we cannot fail.

Enable us, O Lord, to make Thee the standard of our life, that we may be conformed to Thy will. Amen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

GETTING AT THE TRUTH

"PROVE ALL THINGS."
READ I THESSALONIANS 5:14-24.

THE kangaroo received its name under false pretenses. When Captain Cook was in Australia, he asked the natives the name of these animals. They said, "Kangaroo." What they meant was, "What do you mean?" But he took the reply to be the name he sought. We take some of our views—sceptical or sound—much in the same way. We hear a thing, and take that as final. Christ would have us know the truth that we may be free from error; know Him, and why we believe in Him. By this comes the staunch Christian soul.

Give us a hunger for Thy Word, a desire to know Thee for ourselves, that our faith may be strong for life's witness. Through Christ Jesus, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

THE SUFFICIENCY OF OUR FAITH

"GOD IS ABLE TO MAKE ALL GRACE ABOUND."
READ II CORINTHIANS 9:1-3.

SOME newspaper men, interviewing old General Booth, asked him half in jest if he did not think that Christianity was played out. The General took them quite seriously. "Played out!" he exclaimed. "Why, gentlemen, I don't think Christianity has ever been properly played in yet." He was right. There is no contingency which faith cannot meet, no life it cannot transform, no soul it cannot support, no emergency to which it is not equal. The world is still groping for the means of salvation. That is found not in statesmen, not in militarists, but in the grace which is in Christ Jesus.

Blessed Lord, by Thy divine compassion, make us strong to endure, to march steadily with Thee, through Thine imparted power, Amen.

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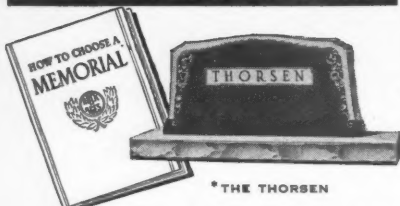
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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25

"NOT FOR SALE"

"THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE."
READ ROMANS 6:16-23.

A VISITOR to an art exhibition, was interested by the prices marked on some of the pictures. Some seemed too low for the skill employed; some too high. Turning to a large canvas, and having now some idea of prices, he wondered how much would be asked for such a fine painting. He was surprised to see it labeled, "Not for Sale." The poorest things in life, those least worth having, like sinful indulgences, have all their price. But the divine forgiveness and mercy, though not for sale, are freely given in Christ. "Hallelujah! What a Saviour!"

For Thy priceless redemption, for Thy costly self-sacrifice, we praise Thee, O Christ. Help us to love Thee aright. Amen.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26

THE NEED FOR DAILY CLEANSING

"HE THAT IS WASHED."

READ JOHN 13:1-17.

THOSE words of Jesus strike most of us as somewhat strange. Yet when we remember that the facilities for bathing were limited, and that it was often necessary for a person to walk home from the bath-house, they become readily understood. The body may be cleansed, but the feet are soiled on the homeward journey. So, as we tread the paths of daily duty, out in an unbelieving world, we may incur the defilement of the way. Yet there are means by which the life may be cleansed. "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

Help us to keep our own lives right, so that we may be Time instruments for the blessing of others. Through Jesus Christ, Amen.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

OUT OF THE HEART

"KEEP THY HEART WITH ALL DILIGENCE."

READ PROVERBS 4:14-27.

WHAT geologists call a geode is an interesting phenomenon. The outside is simply a common rough stone. But when broken open the inside is lined with quartz crystals which, catching the light, gleam and sparkle like costly diamonds. The explanation of this remarkable stone must be sought elsewhere, yet we cannot help thinking that sometimes, even out of the broken heart, new glory emerges to enrich the life and to bring honor to the sufficient grace of God. Let us guard the heart, that only what is beautiful may be found there. What is in the heart comes out in the life.

Divine Father, who canst bring joy out of sorrow, and beauty in unexpected ways, help us to magnify Thee. Through Jesus Christ, Amen.



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SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

THE SOUL'S ANCHORAGE
"AN ANCHOR OF THE SOUL."
READ HEBREWS 6:10-20.

WHEN that valiant servant of Christ, John Knox, lay dying, he made a strange request to the friends standing by his bed. "Read to me of that place where my soul first cast anchor." As the story of Christ's redemptive sacrifice was heard, a smile suffused his face. Many a time, when he had been forced to ride out a storm, or when he had been in dangerous places, he had cast anchor there, and had found safety. So may we. In every hour of temptation, of trial, of trouble, we have an anchor which has been tested and is trustworthy. That is our hope.

For Thy faithfulness, for the means Thou hast given for our safety, we bless Thy name, O Divine Redeemer, Amen.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

THE ROOTS AND THE FRUITS
"BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."
READ MATTHEW 7:15-21.

WHO are our national heroes? It is probably true that no other three men are more widely respected and revered than Washington, Lincoln, and Robert E. Lee. There is this one thing which they had in common. The things for which we hold them in high esteem, the qualities which lifted them above their fellows, are essentially Christian virtues. Think over their lives, their service, and the character which they manifested. This will be evident. So in our daily living, in our discharge of life's common duties, the fruits of the Spirit spring from the roots of faith in Christ.

Let us so live in union with Thee, O Saviour, that we may bear fruit to Thy glory. Through Thy grace, Amen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.

MISSING THE GLORY
"THOSE WHO WERE ONCE ENLIGHTENED."
READ HEBREWS 6:1-9.

A BOTANIST in Scotland was scrutinizing a common heather bell under his microscope. An old shepherd, curious to know what was going on, was shown the beauty of the simple flower. He raised his head after a moment. "Mon, I wish ye had never shown it to me. I have trodden on so many of those beautiful things." There are some who tread down God's mercies without knowing their worth, or who regard the atoning work of the Redeemer with mild interest or even disdain. Without condemning others, are we truly appreciative of those blessings? Or is their wonder lost?

Keep us, O God, from growing familiar with the story of Thy love. May we never cease to be moved thereby. Through Christ, Amen.

SEPTEMBER 1941

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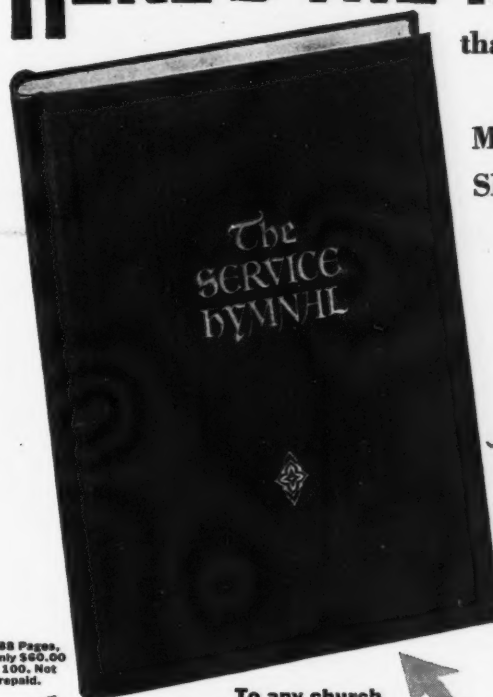
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COMMENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

For Sunday School Teachers

Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.

SEPTEMBER 7

Can the Church Endure Persecution?

TO BEGIN to understand the Book of Revelation it is necessary to put oneself back into the first century and its conditions. The churches in the western part of Asia Minor, which are the ones especially mentioned in the early chapters, were being severely tried. There were enemies within the church, especially trying to get the churches to conform to the worldly heathen practices. There were many sorts of enemies outside, particularly the Jews, who opposed the Christians as irreligious, and the Romans, who pressed the power of the state as supreme, and gave no place to the God of the Christians.

An apocalypse (Greek word for revelation) is a certain kind of writing which has a peculiar place among suffering people. Its message is always one of hope, optimism, promise. And this is decidedly true of Revelation. "Hold on a little longer," it says to the persecuted Christians, "for there are better times coming." The powerful, gaudy, rich things of the world would soon pass away, and there would come the reign of Christ in sharp contrast.

Chapter 2 contains four of the so-called epistles to the seven churches. Seven being the perfect number, all the churches are represented by it, and even though the messages are directed to particular churches, they are meant to be appropriated by all. Each church is encouraged to pass through its trials with victory.

The seven churches of Asia may well find their counterparts in our land and in our day. What are the chief foes of the church? Are they from within, as laziness, worldliness, pride, greed, and narrowness? Are they from without, as atheism, war, drunkenness, intellectualism, and a craze for sports? To what extent do the churches we know need to be prodded to faithfulness? Is a church more likely to be alive when it has obstacles than when it has not?

SEPTEMBER 14

Hold On! Better Days Are Coming!

FROM a dramatic standpoint there is no part of the Book of Revelation which holds more of interest than the opening of the seven seals. These depict, one at a time, the woes which are to come on the body of Christian believers, the Church of Christ. Six of these seals are described in chapter 6. The seventh is shown in chapter 8. Between them there are two short visions which give a foretaste of something which is to come. Woes there are a-plenty, with more to come, but in the midst of all the foreboding narration there come some bright, cheering rays of hope for the faithful. This is a strong element in the arrangement of the book.

"The first of these brief visions shows

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an earthly scene in which the seal of God is set on the twelve tribes of Israel (7:1-8). The second shows an innumerable throng out of every nation standing before the heavenly throne, clad in festal raiment, and offering an exultant hymn of homage to God and the Lamb (9-17)." (Beckwith, *Apocalypse of John*.)

Opinions of scholars have differed on the composition of the white-robed throng before the throne of God. Who are they? Are they Gentiles, in contrast to the redeemed Jews of verses 1-8? Are they martyrs who have earned special merit through the manner of their death? Are they not rather the whole company of the redeemed from all the nations of the earth who have those qualities of faith, righteousness, and purity that will bring them through the judgment and place them before God in eternal blessedness?

But a special quality of these redeemed is brought out in verses 13-17. It is that they have had more than goodness to recommend them for the blessing of God. They have known the sharp pangs of trouble. They have suffered. They have endured great tribulation for the sake of Christ. Now they have come to the place and time of reward. In God's own time there will be recompense for hard days in this world of trouble.

The church of 1941 sorely needs this message of hope. Can the sufferings of the flesh ever be balanced by blessings in coming days? John's vision of the white-robed throng gives the answer. They can, and will be balanced.

SEPTEMBER 21

The World Is Not Going to the Devil

THE average Christian and the average Bible student are perplexed at the mysterious language and imagery of the Book of Revelation. In every part of the Christian era that perplexity has been increased by the efforts of some professed leaders and teachers to tie down the mysterious language and apply it to things currently happening or about to happen. This class of Bible exponents is quite vocal in our day because it is a time of worldwide crisis.

But the average Christian wants to know what several simple lessons may be gleaned from the Book of Revelation—lessons which may have some close application to the problems of daily living; lessons which may be a source of comfort in a life of turmoil and hardship.

Such lessons are there. We have already discovered from the early chapters how the church is to triumph as it faithfully nourishes true Christian love among believers and patiently endures the persecution directed against it. We have seen how, in the midst of woes and sufferings, there shines forth a coming reward for the faithful (chapter 7).

Chapter 12 adds another strong plank to the Christian's platform of faith. Nobody needs to be told that there is an age-long conflict between right and wrong, good and evil. In the language of the seer, the prince of evil is Satan, the devil, working in horrible power to drive good from the world and to reign in the hearts of all men. His opponent is the Saviour, the Messiah, the eternal Son of God.

(Turn to page 63)

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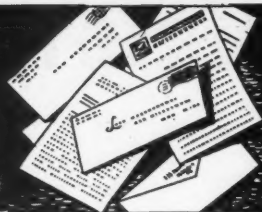
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We open our MAIL



Edited by PAUL MAYNARD

Dr. Sheldon's Article

Dear Editor:

It seems to me there is more truth than fiction in Dr. Sheldon's June article. (Ministers Strike.)

We used to think the ministers were called of God to do His work; expecting some hardships. But today they want everything up to date and seem to be holding out their hands for higher pay and less work.

A letter like that makes you feel that ministers are on a level with the strikers of today. A poor story to get the churches of different denominations to unite.

Amme Nitram

Reader Nitram did not include her address, so we could not answer her note. Can't we have a little fun now and then without being taken too seriously? The ministry is the hardest working, poorest paid, least complaining profession of all.

Cheap?

Indianola, Iowa

Dear Editor:

I think the joke "Just Keep Out of This" (page fifty-six, *Christian Herald*, July 1941) is just a little cheap, don't you?

Emma Hallam

Each person has a different funny bone, and it would be miraculous if all our readers liked all our jokes.

Likes Mr. Gilbert

Johnstown, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I want to tell you how much I appreciate the column of George Gilbert recently added to your paper. As a boy, I enjoyed reading his column in "The Rural New Yorker." He reeks with good Christian common sense. I can give your paper my general approval, even though I do not agree with your position on the use of force, still I am not willing to join that list of bigots who want to discontinue the publication just because in giving the truth as it sees it, their opinion is not supported.

James Carr

It seems to us that we should differentiate between those who leave us because they wish to punish us for disagreeing with them—and those who come to a regretful parting of the ways. Only the former can rightfully be called bigots. Thanks, Brother Carr, your comment is exactly the type most helpful to the editors.

From Dr. Poling

Dear Editor:

I have just read "We Open Our Mail" and am, of course interested in the letter of Stuart Campbell and your reply. Your reply is right, of course, but on one point Mr. Campbell has been misled by my answer to that question—the young man had no question about his own redemption. He knew that Jesus Christ was his Saviour, he'd gone often to the Bible and was well acquainted with that immortal passage "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shall be saved." The particular evangelist who had challenged him was the victim of his own shibboleths. He mistook words and phrases for a vital Christian experience. The young man by all the tests I know, has that vital Christian experience. Certainly I was not belittling evangelists as a class. I am one!

Daniel A. Poling

We are delighted to know that our Editor-in-Chief reads *Christian Herald* all the way through to this page.

Revive Community Singing?

Pocatello, Idaho

Dear Editor:

In the "National Geographic Magazine," July number—we read—"Singing is a part of the soldier's life on the march, in camp or in battle."

Their military leaders encourage national anthems, military marches, regional songs and popular ballads from "Dixie" to "Over There."

We read 1,500,000 song books have been issued to its soldiers from the War Department.

Why not through the medium of the *Christian Herald*, revive the Community Singing once more?

M. R. D.

Looks like a pretty big job for us to do, but it is a fine idea. Do any readers know of where community singing is flourishing?

Rauschnig's Book

Correctionville, Iowa

Dear Editor:

In your list of "war books," I note Herman Rauschnig's "The Redemption of Democracy." It is mostly German philosophy and materialism. I don't think he knows very much about our form of democracy, which was rooted in spiritual and human values. If our system needs redeeming, his ideas will be of small help in the process. The lesson of present Europe is quite enough along that line. I would like to see more condemnation of some of our Universities and Christian Colleges, for catering to this doctrine, but we will

probably wait for the deluge, as we did when the problem of slavery got out of hand. Christianity is condemned (in the book) as being "weak and vapid"—it will be of no use as it is "evaporating"! We will see about that. All success to your excellent paper.

Mrs. J. J. Smyth

We quite agree with reader Smyth as to the one book, "Redemption of Democracy," though perhaps we're just a little severe in our criticism. There was definitely something more than materialism in that distinguished volume. In the study of a critical period, we feel all important viewpoints should be examined and on that basis this book belongs in our list of the ten best.

Inspired by Christian Herald

New York, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I gave the Commencement Address at a little school in the very heart of Alabama, a few weeks ago. It is the Thorsby Institute in Thorsby.

I know of no place I have visited in years that impressed me more with the soundness of its program and teaching, and the sincerity of its management. I am writing you because at the Commencement, when seventeen students were graduated, one of the prizes given for excellence of scholarship was a year's subscription to *Christian Herald*. The motto of the class, "there is always room at the top," is exemplified in the lives of these students who have gone through great difficulties, and part of their inspiration has come through the kind of hopeful courage inspired by your magazine and its able editorial policy.

Henry A. Atkinson

We are always glad to hear from our readers on interesting matters of this kind, and particularly glad to hear from so distinguished a reader as Dr. Atkinson.

Doesn't Like "Masterpieces of Art"

East Aurora, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

These so-called "Religious Paintings" never appealed to me at all. They do not seem natural, either the faces or the dress. Pictures of Christ are so far from my thought of him they do not help me.

Mrs. M. C. Mason

It is very difficult to separate values in art from its quality of timelessness. Because these pictures painted five hundred years ago are still studied by modern artists and because the colors have withstood the ravages of time, it must be conceded that they are great, but it is easy to understand why Dürer's "Four Apostles" would appeal much more than Giotto's "Flight into Egypt" to the average person. Nevertheless, it is hard to evaluate the painting of any period without study and appreciation of the beginning of art itself.

(Continued from page 61)

In verses 1-6 Satan, pictured as a fiery dragon, seeks to destroy Messiah even as He is being born, but the child is caught away and carried to the throne of God where the dragon cannot touch Him.

Verses 7-12 describe the partial overthrow of the prince of evil. Satan is then confined to the earth where he has some sway over the hearts of men. But there the battle rages even now for his complete expulsion.

There can be no doubt of the ultimate triumph of right over wrong, of God over Satan, of good over evil. In days when the tide of battle seems uncertain, the Book of Revelation is a good stimulant.

SEPTEMBER 28

What Will Tomorrow Be Like?

THROUGH the centuries, with unfaltering step, the Christian Church—the body of Christian believers—has marched on and on toward a goal that is sure to be reached. There are mountains and valleys in the journey. No single day is free from opposition at many points, but the goal is never entirely obscured.

What is this goal? Individuals want to know, for their own peace of mind. The church wants to know, that it may shape its policies of approach and make its access more sure. Every student should sit down, Bible in hand, and read the last two chapters of Revelation, *slowly, aloud, three times*. Why aloud? Because in the slowness of diction there come possible mental pictures which are entirely missed in rapid eye reading. Why three times? Because in each successive reading there will appear meanings that do not have a chance in the haste of a single journey through the words and sentences.

From this exercise will come the general impression that God has an ultimate plan for the happiness of His people. There is coming a time when the complexities and conflicts of history will give way to singleness and harmony. Where now there is sin, strife, opposition, unloveliness, sorrow, death, the new establishment will have love, beauty, singing and peace; and God will be everywhere, with all things under His control.

There will also come specific impressions. (1) The reign of God will center in a heavenly city, appropriately called the New Jerusalem. (2) The weaknesses of human existence will persist no more. (3) All things will become new, i.e., fresh, undimmed, ready for use. Thus there will be new surroundings, new thoughts, new circumstances of existence, and a new society. (4) Those who deserve such happiness and blessing because of their trust in God and their sharing in the salvation which comes through Christ shall have them, no matter at what time they have lived on earth. Especially are these blessings to be for those who have been tested by trouble and persecution and have "overcome" the evils of the world. (5) Barriers which keep men apart in earthly life will be broken down, and all men will be brothers, from all the nations and races.

Considerations such as these cause Christians to live well and to die well.

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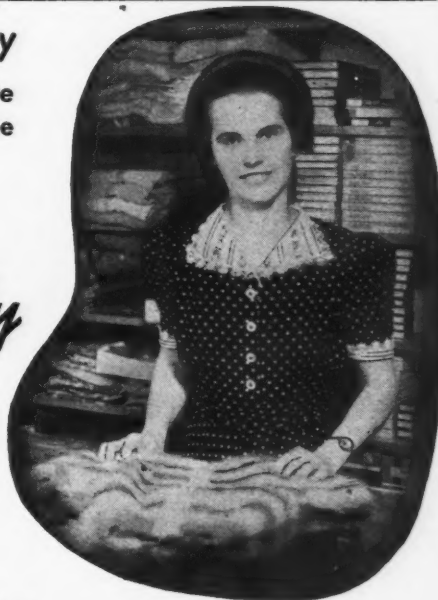
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After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



Small One, At That

Said the Idaho potato to Lowell Thomas: "You're nothing but a commentator!"

—Kablegrams.

Help Her

"Help your wife," says *Good House-keeping*. "When she mops up the floor, mop up the floor with her."

—Blup-Blup.

That's Just Why

"I don't see Charlie nearly as much as I used to."

"Well, you should have married him when he wanted you to."

"I did."

—Exchange.

By the Inch

Mike: "How much do you charge for funeral notices?"

Newspaper Clerk: "Thirty cents an inch."

Mike: "Begorra, it's robbery. Me brother was six feet tall."

—Menthology.

He Found It

Vagabond (sleeping in a barn loft): Ou-u-ch.

Second Vagabond: Wazzamatta, Enry? I just accidentally found the needle in this haystack.

—Watchword.

Can You Beat That!

"How did you like those Chinese back scratchers I brought you?"

"Is that what they were? Chinese back scratchers! My wife's been making me eat salad with them."

—Lookout.

Brilliant

Golsby: "Did any one in your family ever make a brilliant marriage?"

Harry: "Only my wife."

—Exchange.

Hope She Found Him

"What are you doing here, dear?"

"Looking for a husband."

"But you've got one!"

"That's the one I'm looking for."

—Menthology.

Old Family

Mrs. Nearby—My ancestry dates back to before the days of Charlemagne. How old is your family?

Mrs. Chubbwitt—I really can't say. You see, all our family records were lost in the flood.

—Advance.

Tactful

"I don't think that man upstairs likes to hear Johnnie play his drum, but he's certainly tactful about it."

"Why?"

"This afternoon he gave Georgie a knife and asked him if he knew what was inside the drum."

—Exchange.

Keep It Up

The colored soldier had been peeling potatoes until his hands ached. Turning to a fellow K. P. he said: "What dat sergeant mean when he call us K. P.?"

"Ah dunno," replied his co-worker. "But from de look on his face, Ah thinks he meant 'Keep Peeling.'"

—Exchange.

How He Got It

"Ever heard this one?" asked one of the group sitting around the camp fire: "A dog was tied to a rope 14 feet long. Twenty feet away was a fat, juicy bone. How did the dog get to the bone?"

"Oh, that old one," answered another. "You want one of us to say 'I give it up,' and then you'll say, 'That's what the dog did.'"

"No; you're wrong, for the dog got the bone."

"Well, how did he get it?"

"The other end of the rope wasn't tied."

—Menthology.

Libel

A man rushed into the newspaper office and demanded to see the editor. "Sir," he cried as he walked around the room, "your paper has libeled me. You have called me the lightweight champion."

"But that is true," returned the editor. "You are Mr. Fightwell, aren't you?"

"Yes, yes," cried the other, "but it's my brother who is the boxer. I'm a coal merchant."

—Exchange.

Business Judgment

The proprietor of a highly successful optical shop was instructing his son, newly entered into the business, on how to go about charging a customer.

"Son," he said, "after you have fitted the customer with glasses, and he asks what the charge will be, you say, 'The charge is \$10.' Then pause and wait to see if he flinches.

"If the customer doesn't flinch, you then say, 'That's for the frames. The lenses will be another \$10.'

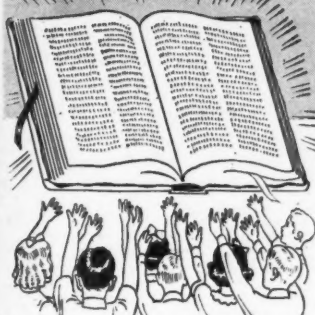
"Then you pause again, this time only slightly, and watch for the flinch.

"If the customer doesn't flinch this time, you say, firmly, 'Each.'"

—Menthology.

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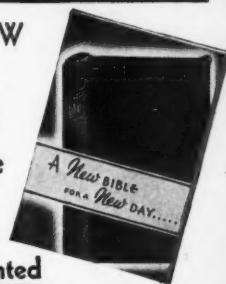
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